

TO THE READER.

The Portrait of Mr. Stuart, intended to accompany his biography, we have been unable to furnish. From some circumstance not yet explained, *the plate mysteriously disappeared*, about the time it was wanted, and up to the day of issuing this number, it had not been found. We shall publish it in the next number, should it come to light.

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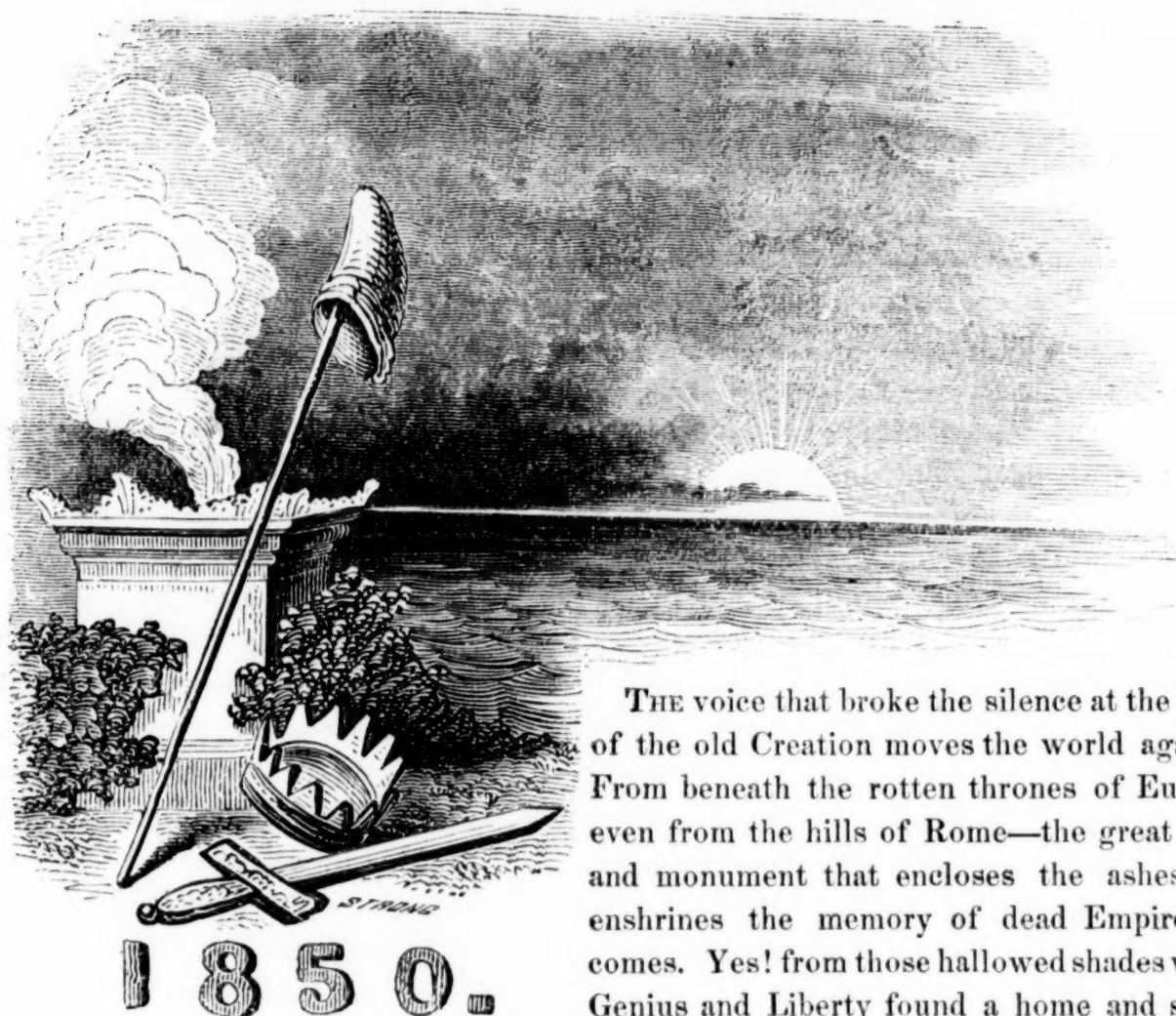
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EDITORS,



S.B. BRITTAN,
NEW-YORK.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.



THE voice that broke the silence at the dawn of the old Creation moves the world again.—From beneath the rotten thrones of Europe; even from the hills of Rome—the great tomb and monument that encloses the ashes and enshrines the memory of dead Empires—it comes. Yes! from those hallowed shades where Genius and Liberty found a home and sepul-

chre together, we have heard that voice—a voice terrible only to those who love darkness—saying, “LET THERE BE LIGHT!” And far over hill and plain—beneath the gloom that shrouds the crushed and bleeding forms of Hungary and Poland—those words quiver on the tongues and hearts of awakened millions, who yet feel that the hour of their deliverance is nigh.

The morning twilight is past, and the great Sun is rising over the sea, which is to shine on the ruins of all the old despotisms. The lovers of darkness can be accommodated no longer, except they go to their own place. In vain they evoke the shadows of the ancient night to cover them, and to brood awhile over the chaos of old governments, systems and hypotheses. There is no reply, save the deep—startling echo of that mighty voice, whose earnest prayer expresses at once the idea and demand of the age.

Much remains to be done before the world will receive, in a grateful spirit, the light it so much needs. In this labor of love and patience, the true man will bear his part. The measure of personal influence may be small, and the sphere of individual effort circumscribed, but feeble means and efforts are sometimes servicable in a great cause. The heavens are made luminous by many stars, and some are so small as to escape the notice of the careless observer; yet they shine, and their mission is glorious. We would regard the demand of the times, and we desire to aid, if we may be so fortunate, in hastening the realization of the sublime prayer, that now stirs the profoundest depths of the soul.

Man's course is onward. Every year records his progress in the science of life—in

knowledge, virtue and usefulness. Every day serves to widen his sphere of thought and action, and each passing hour offers a new problem for solution. The present is no time to dream and be idle. Free thought and speech, and earnest effort, are imperiously required. Nor is this demand likely to remain unanswered. Men are beginning to think freely and rationally, and this is the next step to consistent action. A bold assaying spirit is abroad, and all things must be resolved into their elemental principles for examination. The causes that operate in the world of mind, no less than the laws of matter, with their results—whether immediate and sure, or remote and uncertain—must pass the ordeal of a searching analysis. At this stage of his progress, man begins to reason from principles, and is qualified to judge with some degree of precision concerning their specific tendencies and effects. The light of reason discovers the true philosophic standard by which all things are to be judged, and all our ideas, theories and institutions, are seen to be valuable, only, so far as they may be instrumental in working out the higher destiny of man.

It is encouraging to the philanthropist that, with this progress of mind, there is a growing spirit of harmony among the nations. There is more of mercy and peace in the world now, and less of cruelty and war than in the ages past. We are not to form our opinion here, from an occasional outbreak of passion and riot in the midst of a dense population, not from the fact that man still struggles for Liberty, and the exercise of his natural rights. No. These under certain circumstances may be the concomitants of his progress. But we are to remember, as essential to an enlightened judgment, that the love of war, and the mere passion for martial glory, has ceased to be the common impulse of man.

The hero of to-day has a nobler struggle—one in which the intellect and the heart are engaged. The change is every where perceptible. It is seen in every moral movement, in the institutions of all countries, and

in the literature of the age. The general policy of all nations is gradually assuming a more pacific character. The voice that counsels peace, is heard in the palaces of kings, in the halls of legislation, from the judgment-seat, the pulpit and the press.—All over the civilized world man is beginning to feel for his brother, and the aspirations of every true loving soul go up after a blessing for the hearts that bleed, and the eyes that weep.

Man has well nigh gained an altitude from which he may overlook the defenses which time, custom and prejudice have reared, around the institutions of the Past. Those monuments durable as the sculptured marble, tremble at his thought. The soul like the sea, flowing back into its own depths becomes mighty, and with each advance the fabrics reared by the Ages are shaken and borne away. The progress of the world, like the billows of the deep, is characterized by certain periods of recession. The great wave that has just swept all Europe, is setting back only to be succeeded by another which shall bear down, and submerge the last barrier to the freedom of the world.

In this period of transition—with the old dynasties of error and oppression falling into ruins on every hand—we need light in proportion to the dangers of the passing hour. The midnight tempest when thunder answers to the voice of thunder, and the winds howl fearfully among the mountains, may awe the traveler; but not till the light flashes out from the heavens to show him the way, is he prepared to go forward. So it is not the mere commingling of moral elements—not the thunder of the shock when old systems find their equilibrium—not the echo, nor the shadow of a great thought, will realize the wants of the age. But the spirit-fires which the armies of progress kindle in their rapid march; the beacon lights that shine in darkness, from the valley and mountain, or gleam from the face of the troubled sky—these reveal the ascending pathway, through which angels invite us to our destiny.

S. B. B.

SCIENCE.

PSYCHOLOGY.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

SEPARATE EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL.

"The chain of Being is complete in Man;
In Man is Matter's last gradation lost,
And the next link is Spirit."

THE subject on which I propose to write, is full of a mysterious beauty. It carries the mind into a region where the light of material existence fades away, and earthly forms decompose and become the shades which people the realms of the Invisible. Here, as it were, on the confines of two worlds, we must take our place.

"We hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where Angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the Spirit land."

This position, man alone may occupy; for in the chain of being he is the connecting link which unites the visible and invisible, the material and spiritual, the temporal and eternal, in one unbroken line of existence, beginning in DEITY, and ending in the unorganized elements of distant worlds.

I am conscious that no created intelligence has the power of self-comprehension; and I know how difficult it is to establish ourselves on a reliable basis, when the entire subject—comprehending its invisible laws and visible phenomena—is above and beyond the sphere of material things. Here the mind must necessarily *feel* its way in the vast immensity. Some of its steps may be uncertain—indeed they must be—but *they can not be useless*. The discipline by which we learn to exercise any faculty, of body or mind, is made up of unsuccessful efforts; and he whose fear of a false step will not permit him to hazard an experiment, may as well conclude to crawl for ever, for it is certain he can never walk. Motion, in some

form or direction, would seem to be an essential law of all existence. The world moves from center to circumference—and not one of the elements of matter or mind may resist its action. Thou, O Man, art a part of that which is around thee. How, then, shalt thou be still?

"Will the hand on Time's dial backward flee,
Or the pulse of the Universe pause for thee?
The Sun that rises, the Seas that flow,
The Thunders of Heaven, all, answer, No!"

The great Heart will continue to beat evermore. The earth will not stop in its orbit, nor can Mind be chained to a single point in the cycle of its destiny. ONWARD FOR EVER! is the sublime and emphatic annunciation which peals through all time and space, and vibrates on the chords of universal Being.

But some of us may not move to the common measure of the world, and so those who have learned and practiced *that* may not be able to beat the time. What if they are not? A fresh exercise may still be of service as a necessary stimulus to the faculties; and even an occasional jar or discord may not be disagreeable, if it but break the old monotony. If we are not always in the ascending scale when we move, still, motion, even at the risk of falling, is less to be dreaded than immobility. All who have made discoveries have ventured out beyond the walks of the multitude. What if these narrow limits which time, and custom, and prejudice have defined, are mistaken for the boundary lines of creation! Still, beyond these is the great UNEXPLORED, which infidel

feet have never trodden. Let us go there, that we may stand for once on hallowed ground, where the aspiring soul dwells alone with God.

He is a happy man who can occasionally escape from the dull sphere of grosser life, and dwell, if it be but for an hour, where the discordant sounds of the Market-place and the Exchange are not heard. It is glorious thus to exist in a sphere that is not all of earth—where the scenes are fresh from the hand of God, and the light of eternity illumines the soul. As we advance from the lowest forms of matter, toward the highest manifestations of mind, existence becomes ever more beautiful and divine. We begin to discern foot-prints of the angels where the traces of men disappear.

The reader need not be startled with the apprehension that his theological Zion is about to be invaded. Our sphere of thought lies mainly without, and we can hardly offer an offense, even against popular prejudices, by pursuing our investigations in a field, not yet included within the domain of theology. The writer will not, however, feel aggrieved if the reader should dissent from the views he may disclose. All that is demanded, is entire freedom in the expression of our thoughts, while we accord to the individual human judgment the right to accept or reject them. With respect to the character and tendency of these articles, we are willing to be held to the strictest accountability. No thought shall find an utterance that would shock the reverence of the most devout nature, while, in our modes of expression, we shall have no occasion to disturb the religious sensibilities of the reader.

The term which comprehends the general subject of these articles, may now be defined. **PSYCHOLOGY**—from two greek words, *psuche*, soul, and *logos*, a discourse—implies a treatise on the soul. Hence, appropriately, the science which comprehends the existence, nature, relations and phenomena of the spirit. Especially are those mental impressions and processes which are supersensual in their

origin—those manifestations of mind which appear to be prompted by invisible spiritual agencies—embraced under the head of psychological phenomena. A treatise on Psychology might be deemed essentially incomplete without the argument from Nature, in favor of the soul's existence. This should very properly precede a disquisition concerning its attributes and phenomena. To this part of the subject, therefore, I address myself in the present article.

The existence of organized beings, of a nature so refined and spiritual, as to be invisible to mortals, may be inferred from an investigation of the laws of matter and mind. The tendency of matter to assume organic forms and relations, will be found to correspond to the degree of its refinement. In the mineral kingdom, all matter exists in an inorganic state. The elements require a refining process, to fit them to the superior sphere of organized existence. By virtue of the electric forces which pervade the earth and all things, a chemical action of its elements is produced, by which the more volatile parts are thrown off in impalpable gases. In this sublimated form, the particles of matter exhibit constant mobility, assuming, every moment, new relations to each other.

At this stage of its refinement, matter is fitted to undergo an important transition.—Numerous forms appear, possessing organs adapted to specific functions of being. Plants possess a power of assimilation, by which the most offensive exhalations are absorbed, and the most deleterious substances taken up and so modified by the process, as to become the nutritive products on which animated existence is made to depend.

It will be perceived, I think, that organized bodies are not likely to be developed from the grosser elements, on account of the comparative immobility of unrefined substances—but when matter becomes volatilized, the particles which compose the mass, exhibit the phenomena of perpetually changing positions and relations. It must be sufficiently evident that, in this condition, they are far more likely to so arrange themselves

as to develop the forms and functions of life, than when existing in a state of less refinement.

Numerous as are the trees and plants which clothe and adorn the earth, it is probable that the animal kingdom vastly exceeds the vegetable creation, in the number and variety of its organic forms. The increasing tendency of matter—during the process of its refinement—to become organized, is evident from the infinitude of animal existence. The more ethereal parts of all gross substances are constantly becoming instinct with life. Each fleeting moment marks the birth of innumerable millions of living creatures of whose existence and habits man could know nothing, through the medium of the unassisted sense. The microscope has opened the portals of a new world, before unseen, yet far more numerous than the world which meets the unaided vision. In the light of this discovery, we perceive that every grain of sand is a walled city, and a single drop of water encircles an empire of being!

But if matter exhibits the tendency I have supposed, we may rationally conclude that, when it is so ethereal as to be wholly intangible, it is more likely to be organized than in any of the inferior stages of its refinement. It is well known that, in its higher gradations, matter is so sublimated as to escape the observation of the senses. If we admit that, in this refined state, it may be organized, we have furnished *our* answer to the great question of the soul's independent existence. It is equally certain that the sphere of organic being comprehends millions of creatures, too *minute* to be perceived by the eye. Why may not other millions exist, invisible, not on account of their minuteness, but the *refinement* of their composition. The evidence, as it presents itself to my mind, is not less conclusive. No one would venture to dispute the existence of the infusoria. Even those who have had no opportunity for personal observation, readily accept the testimony of others who have seen the organized millions of that invisible

world. If disorganized matter may be so refined as to escape the sphere of sensuous observation, can a single reason be given for the hypothesis which denies the existence of invisible beings, possessing an organic structure of more refined elements, and adapted to sustain the relations, and perform the functions of a more exalted and spiritual life? To think of limiting the organic law to the contracted vision of mortals, indicates less of the immortal than appropriately belongs to man. If I am not in error concerning the general law which I have presumed to graduate the organization of matter by the specific degrees of its refinement, the argument would seem to be conclusive, in proof of the existence of invisible spiritual beings.

The idea that there are spirits all around us like the sunbeams, whose influence is in the very air we breathe, may be regarded by some as a pleasant fancy, or an idle superstition. To others, and to the writer, it is the image of divine reality. Will any one reject the thought because he can not see spirit forms through the medium of physical organs? Does the existence of the angels depend on the capacity of mortals to follow them to their bright abodes? Nay; I would as soon deny the being of all living forms which inhabit the sea, because I cannot live in their element. I would rather question the existence of the far off stars, which are only seen through the telescope, or relinquish all faith in Astronomy, because I may not travel up to ORION.

With those dull eyes you may not discern the spirit forms of departed men. No; *you can not*. But is the sphere of mortal vision wide as the range of being? We can not perceive the size and form of the Sun's rays, but we can feel their genial influence, and all nature is made glad and beautiful by the light. Look for the viewless winds. Are they not invisible? Yet who is unconscious that they are above, beneath, around and within him? "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and

whither it goeth." Thus it is with the spirit. If it is not given thee, with the soul's deep eyes, to discern the forms of spiritual life, it still remains for thee—for *all* who are not buried beneath a concretion of sensuality—to experience their presence and their power.

The individualization and immortality of Mind, is further indicated by the nature and magnitude of its powers. If it were only fitted to perceive material forms, and to note the simple facts and circumstances of outward life, there might be room to doubt the perpetuity of being. But mind is not thus circumscribed. It has a wider and higher sphere, to which it exhibits a direct tendency and specific adaptation. If all the elements of mind are material—in the sense in which we use the term—and its organization destructible, from what source does it derive the power to grasp the first principle of spiritual science? And who will explain to us the philosophy of that mysterious and delightful fascination, which leads the willing mind far out into an ideal world.

Man is not altogether earthly. The decay of the body is not the annihilation of being. If it were otherwise, his thoughts and desires could never reach above the earth. I hold it to be impossible for any being to occupy a sphere, to desire a life, or even to conceive of a condition, which is above the plain of its nature—or that point to which it may arrive in the subsequent unfolding of its faculties. Can the beast conceive of the relations which exist among men? Evidently not, for the obvious reason that such relations form no part of the destiny which awaits him. The highest development of which his nature is susceptible, must necessarily leave him far below the dignity of man's estate.

If what we call death has power to disorganize the soul, to destroy its elements, and swallow up the identity of being to which we so fondly cling, why should man have the least conception of an invisible world and a spiritual life? The idea itself, in its simplest form, is above all that distinguishes

the sphere of mere material or animal existence. Man, of all earthly creatures, dwells in this exalted plain. With him the life that shall be—the life of which the present is but the feeble and imperfect beginning—is ever before him, and its divine realities are the eternally unfolding principles of his own nature. All over the world, the idea of immortality is incorporated with the very elements of mind. Neither is it always vague nor unsatisfactory. We look forward with a serene joy to the communion of mind with mind, freed from the cold restraints which belong to the present. With a clearer vision, we shall yet read the thrilling memories of the Past, where our divinest thoughts will no more be distorted by inflexible and unmeaning forms of speech, and no arbitrary custom will be left to subvert the great law of spiritual affinity, by which congenial natures meet and mingle together. The idea of such a life is to me, the revelation of its existence, while the desire it awakens in the soul is the infallible prophecy of its realization.

There is not a faculty of mind that does not bear the impress of Divinity. The subtil logic of the advocate in the forum; the profound designs of the statesman; the immeasurable grasp of the philosopher; the perception of beauty, and the appreciation of music, are so many deathless testimonials that man is immortal. Even the wildest dream of an erratic fancy, is a higher evidence of the divinity of Mind—the eternity and identity of its being—than the material philosophy has ever furnished for its dark hypothesis.

With these wonderful powers—the harmony of motion, the perfection of life, the intensity of feeling, and the divinity of thought—I should as soon expect that all matter in the Universe will be annihilated, as that the light of a single human intellect will ever be quenched in the oblivion of dissolving forms. Not while these spiritual instincts remain to intimate the existence of the better life, can man be shaken in the ground of his hope. He must be deprived

of that reason too, which investigates the eternal laws, as well as the fleeting forms of things, ere I can relinquish mine. You must first extinguish all those burning aspirations in which he mounts to the "highest heaven of invention," or dives like a fire spirit to the depths of material elements and spiritual forces. And then—there are chords, now swept to notes of inspiration, by invisible fingers, whose gentlest touch fills the soul with music. These must be *broken*, and the

last spirit tone hushed in the shock of the falling temple, or I shall yet seek for the indwelling divinity, above the ruins of its earthly shrine. Till then, these powers, and this idea of another life, which every where—in all stages of civilization, and among the savage tribes—attaches itself to the soul—shall be to me, the God-written revelation of my eternal life.

"I feel my immortality o'er sweep,
All pains, all groans, all griefs, all fears, and peal,
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,
Into mine ears, this truth—THOU LIV'ST FOR EVER!"

HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY.

BY JEREMIAH SCOTT, M. D.

ORGANIC SERIES; THE HUMAN SKELETON.

As Anatomy is the science of organism, so Physiology is the science of life. The first relates to structure; and the last to function. It is hence very clear, that in order to have a correct idea of Physiology, we should first know something of Anatomy: since we cannot truly perceive the character of action, unless we are acquainted with the mechanical means by which that action is produced.

Life may be defined as the series of phenomena which occur in organised bodies, acting for a limited time, and then, by the operation of certain and fixed laws, becoming extinct. In this sense it is to be distinguished from its essence, or the vital principle, the first being a cause, and the last merely an aggregation of results.

In order to have a clearer idea of the height on which we now stand, let us, even at the risk of repetition, take a rapid and comprehensive view of the steps, by which we have arrived at the ultimate perfection of organism, as manifest in the human form.

As we take leave of the Mineral Kingdom we find these phenomena very few and simple. In vegetables the nutritive and reproductive functions alone seem fully developed. They have a latent sensibility by which they

absorb what is healthful, and reject what is innutritious, or hurtful, and by which they are acted on by certain forces, both exterior, and interior. There is a point where the two kingdoms approach each other so closely, that the absolute line of division has been for a long time disputed, the true position of the sponges, and some other of the lowest forms of the Zoophytes, having vibrated from one side of the boundary line to the other. But a more attentive and enlightened study, with the assistance derived from heightened microscopic power, have shown that the lowest forms of the Zoophytes are possessed of sensation, and contractility, or voluntary motion. Wherever we have these we find an animal. Bichat, a distinguished French anatomist and physiologist, has established on this principle, a natural division of the complex parts of the animal system. Those organs which act without regard to our will, and in general, independently of our consciousness, such as the heart and stomach, are governed by what he calls the laws of vegetative, or organic life; and these are manifest in all living beings, from the lowest plant up to man. The organs of the senses, or those which bring us into relationship with the outer world, he calls animal life.

This distinction forms so clear and comprehensive a rule, that it has been adopted by almost all of the best writers since the time of Bichat.

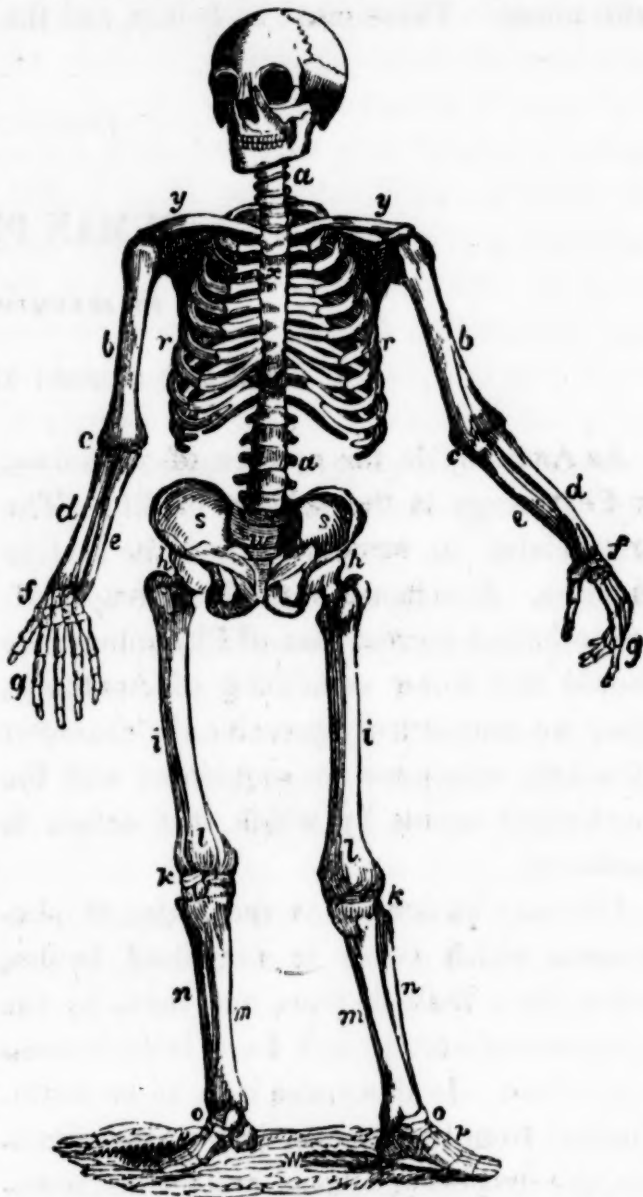
Cuvier has divided the whole Animal Kingdom into four great classes. In the lowest, which is termed *RADIATA*, we find organization almost as simple as that of the vegetable being. They are mostly composed of a homogeneous pulp, sensible and contractile in all its parts, the nutritive functions being limited to the action of a simple tube, sac, or number of sacs, while the reproductive forces, act only by subdivision, by throwing off, or detaching parts of the body, which are termed gemmules. The apparatus of the senses, if any exists, is very obscure, and is yet a subject of dispute.

In the second division, comprehending the *MOLLUSCA*, or soft bodied animals, we find organs of progressive motion more completely developed, a better defined stomach and alimentary canal, a heart, respiratory organs, and some of the organs of the senses.

The third class includes the *ARTICULATA*, or jointed animals; and here, for the first time, we meet with a symmetrical structure, or a form composed of two similar parts, which appear to have been, at a certain period of their growth, joined together. This form also extends to the higher animals, and Man. These animals, of which the bee and locust are good examples, have very perfect organs of progressive motion, and all the senses.

The last division, or *VERTEBRATA*, comprehends a vast series of animal forms, extending through all the tribes of reptiles, fishes, and birds, up to Man. Here are revealed the most elaborate results of the creative energies. As the organization rises in complexity, so it advances in comeliness and beauty. New and more expansive spheres of action continually open. Sensation by the finest shades, passes into intelligence, which finally reaches its ultimate in reflection, as manifest in the living, feeling, knowing, and thinking human being. Thus, by a continually refining process, the ele-

ments of beauty, of majesty, and power have reached their highest expression in Man. Here is enshrined more sensibly, because intelligently, the spirit of the Divine Creator; for the humblest human being is, indeed and truth, a living temple of the Most High. With a deep reverence, as if approaching the Holy of Holies, let us now draw aside the veil of flesh, and study the framework in this most wonderful of structures.



In the great class of *Mammalia*, or viviparous animals, at the head of which is placed Man, the division of the different regions is complete, as we may see by turning to the annexed figure of a human skeleton. Surmounting all, we have a jointed arch of solid bone, for the reception and protection of the brain. The neck, both in Man, and all the family to which he belongs, with an apparent exception in the sloth, is invariably composed of seven vertebræ. The *DORSAL* vertebræ with the ribs, *rr*, and breast bone, *x*, which

are attached to them, form the chest, or thorax to which the anterior extremities, or arms, are attached. Below these are the LUMBAR vertebræ, *a*, which form the posterior boundary of the abdomen. Still lower, and terminating the trunk are seen a circle of broad, flat, bones, called the PELVIS, *ss*, which support the bowels, and afford articulations for the thigh. These then are the three great divisions, or a basis of the head, the thorax, or chest, and the abdomen; though the human skeleton is generally divided into the head, the trunk, and the extremities. In the head are sixty-three bones, of which eight belong to the internal ears, eight to the skull, fourteen to the face, and one to the tongue; and to supply the remaining part of the number are thirty-two teeth.

The trunk consists of fifty-three bones, of which twenty-six belong to the spinal column, *aa*, twenty-five to the thorax, and two to the pelvis. The superior extremities including the arms, hands, and fingers, have sixty-four bones, counting the sesamoid bones of the thumb; and the inferior extremities, which comprise the legs, feet, and toes, number sixty, including the sesamoid bones of the great toe.

The spinal column is a very delicate and wonderful piece of mechanism. The bones of which it is composed are called *vertebræ* from the Latin word, *vertere*, to turn. Thick elastic cushions of cartilage and ligament are interposed between the vertebræ, in such a manner as to admit of a much higher degree of flexion and extension, than if the bones came in immediate contact. They also serve to diminish the effect of any shock occasioned by violent action. Nothing, indeed, could be more admirable than the mode in which the vertebræ are bound together, all tending to secure a firm attachment, strength, and free motion. The rounded fore part, or smooth body of the vertebræ, afford the best support for the superincumbent parts, while the prominent ridge behind, and the jagged processes at the sides, form a tube or channel, extending the whole length of the column, in which the spinal

marrow is contained, and preserved. The base of this column rests on the SACRUM, *w*, which is set closely between the bones of pelvis.

On each side there are twelve ribs, *rr*.—These are attached to the spine by their heads, while their other extremities, which are composed of cartilage, are connected with the *sternum*, or breast bone, *x*. The seven upper ones are called *true* ribs, because each one of them has a direct connection with the sternum by means of a distinct cartilage; while the five lower are called *false*, because one or two of them are loose at the fore end; while the cartilaginous processes of the others, instead of extending separately to the breast bone, run into each other. The ribs form an arched cavity which serves to contain, and protect the lungs, heart, and great blood vessels, while by its expansible structure, it admits of free action in the important organs it holds.

The *scapula* is the broad flat bone, familiarly known as the shoulder blade. It could not be delineated in a front view; though its position is too well known to render an index necessary. This bone gives off many of the muscles by which the arm is put in motion, and connects that organ with the body. Extending from the scapula forward to the sternum, is the collar bone, *y*. The chief use of this process is to prevent the arms from falling forward. In the lower animals whose anterior limbs come much closer together in front than those of human beings, it is wholly wanting.

The *humerus*, or bone of the upper arm, *b*, is articulated with the scapula by a kind of ball and socket joint. As the receptacle is somewhat shallow, great latitude and freedom of motion are obtained; while, at the same time, the shallowness occasions a peculiar liability to dislocation. The fore arm has two large bones, the *radius* and *ulna*, *d*, *e*. These are connected with the humerus by a hinge joint, which admits both of flexion and extension, though not of rotation. Owing to the peculiar structure of this joint it is seldom dislocated. We do not turn

the hand by means of the elbow, but by help of other joints especially adapted to this purpose, and which are articulated between the bones of the arm, so that the radius moves on the ulna. The carpal and metacarpal bones, *f*, and the phalanges, *g*, compose the wrist, hand and fingers; but they are of too complicated structure to admit of explanation, without more elaborate details than our space allows.

The large round head of the thigh bone, *i*, is deeply sunk in a corresponding hollow of the pelvis, at *h*. As the socket is so much deeper than that of the shoulder joint, the thigh bone has not so wide a range of motion as the humerus, but it has greater security, and sufficient freedom. The thigh may

be moved backward and forward, as in walking, and also laterally, outward, or inward.

The PATELLA, or knee pan, *l*, is a small bone which forms the projection of the knee. It adds power to the extensor muscles of the leg, and protects the front of the knee joint. The principal bone of the leg is called the TIBIA, *m*. Its lower extremity forms the inner projection of the ankle; while its upper one is articulated with the thigh. The long slender bone on the outside of the leg, *n*, is called FIBULA, the lower end of which forms the outer ankle. The motion of the joint, like that of the knee, is almost limited to extension and flexion. The tarsal and metatarsal bones, *o*, and the phalanges, *p*, compose the ankle, foot, and toes.

SKETCHES OF PHYSIOGNOMY.*

FORCE OF CHARACTER ; THE NOSE.

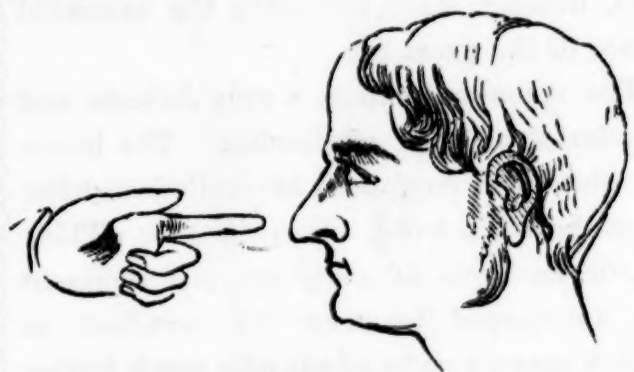
In taking a view of the human face, the most striking feature that presents itself is the *nose*; and in this respect it has become a proverb:

"As plain as the nose on your face,"
Must be a conspicuous case.

In this organ, if prominent, we discover both sagacity and strength of character, as in a small and weak nose, we receive an impression of opposite qualities. Hence we find that the faculties which relate to sagacity, or force of character, have their signs in the nose.

The spirit of Combativeness manifests itself under three forms, Self-defense, Relative-defense, and Attack. It is very clear that these are not a single faculty, though we have been used so to consider them. The disposition to defend one's self is radically different from the disposition to attack others; while Relative-defense, which

prompts us to stand by our friends, is different from either.



The faculty of Self-defense, is indicated by a prominence in the ridge of the nose, just above the tip, as pointed out in the figure.

The sign here is remarkably large,
Showing a disposition to resist,
As sometimes in a lady, when she's kissed
Without her own taste having been consulted;
She will stand back, and feel herself insulted:
Hence would a physiognomist suppose
A goodly tumor must tip off her nose.
The man who, when assaulted, keeps his ground,
On fair examination, will be found

* The series of sketches of which this is the first, were reported from Dr. Redfield's Lectures, with a poetic license; which, however, extends merely to the form. Their substance remains the same.

To have this sign developed in proportion.
 We easily provoke him, and he'll more shun
 The slightest touch than others would a hornet.
 He seems afflicted, quite beyond a query,
 With that bad sore, called *noli me tangere*.
 Hence though this faculty, in a degree
 Essential to strong character must be,
 In the excess it does not much adorn it.
 In the horse it is found too
 Who, when you come near him
 Will bite, leer, and rebound too,
 And teach you to fear him.
 The Canadian pony,
 To your utter confusion,
 Though he is your crony,
 Will resent an intrusion ;
 Then he strikes with his hoof, as if he would say
 To friend, and to foe ; " Just keep out of the way !"
 If the cause of this temper you would rightly divine,
 At your leisure observe how it squares with the
 sign !

But, most of all brutes, the rhinoceros shows
 His strong self-defense, in the horn at his nose,
 which is not only a sign, but a formidable
 weapon also.

The faculty of Relative-defense is indicated by a prominence in the ridge of the nose, just above the sign of Self-defense. Such a person takes pleasure in being the champion of others.



His fireside, or his country, to defend,
 All dangers he will dare ; and if his friend
 Should be in an extremity, he'll throw
 Himself into the gap, and take the blow.
 Defender of the injured, and the weak,
 To guard the rights of others he will seek
 If to his wrath yourself you'd not expose,
 Be careful how you step on suffering toes.
 This is a patriot feeling, and must be
 Developed in the Yankee family ;
 And that it is, their nasal organs say—
 Except our politicians, though, I pray.

The faculty of Attack is seen in the upper part of the ridge of the nose, just above Relative-defense, as in this figure.



Provoking and vexatious one must be
 With such a nose as this. I often wonder
 What warlike star he made his advent under.

If you would keep your peace beware, and flee
 From one with this pugnacious Roman sign,
 Or you will reap some quarrels, I divine,
 And not of your own sowing. We are told
 That angry words yield fruit a thousand fold.
 This faculty in kicking, and in striking,
 Is manifest ; though little to the liking
 Of peaceful people are its demonstrations,
 Which mark the English, and the Irish nations ;
 And thus John Bull's red cheek is somewhat paler
 When'er he stands in fear of the shilalah !
 But the French are remarkable for Relative-
 defence. Corresponding with these signs
 we have the combative Irishman, the bully-
 ing Englishman, and the irritable French-
 man.

Acquisitiveness is a faculty which also belongs to force of character ; for it is one of the strongest passions, often nerving those who are governed by it to endure every kind of privation and distress. It is indicated by the breadth of the nose just above the



wing of the nostril, in the bony part. The sign, if large, gives a broad arch, as we see in the nose of the Negro, and also in that of the Jew.

The portrait of a thief must be
 This picture, for in it I see
 One who could scarce perceive, or feel,
 It is disgrace or wrong to steal.

Less cunning he than others, who can draw
 Over their frauds the mantle of the Law,
 Which makes so deep a shelter, and profound,
 Impervious to blame, by sign or sound.
 Thus, while with Honesty they hold a truce,
 They'll pluck you clean as any other goose ;
 And when their deed is known, do they abscond
 Like other robbers ? " *It is in the bond*"
 They tell you with a consequential air.
 The world looks on, and finds all very fair
 And business-like. Are such examples rare ?

The sign of the faculty of Economy is the thickness of the nose forward of Acquisitive-

ness, and also the fullness under the chin, producing, when large, what is called a double chin;



As in poor Richard. We all know that he
Was justly famed for his economy
The cow, too, has a double chin,;
But there the horse is lank and thin;
And while the first saves every straw,
The latter from his rack will draw
More than enough, and trample all
That underneath his feet may fall.

In general men are most remarkable for Acquisitiveness, and women, for Economy; but the excess of both, which, combined with Secretiveness, forms the miser, is often found among men than women.

The expression of sagacity is strongest in the end of the nose, because Inquisitiveness, Secretiveness, and Suspicion, are indicated there, besides several intellectual faculties.

Inquisitiveness is shown in the horizontal length of the nose forward.— Sometimes the end is turned slightly upward, as in this outline whose expression says;



"There's something in the wind, I know.
Do tell! has Anna got a beau?
Where *did* you get that sweet pink ribbon?
What *did* it cost? Now don't you fib on
Like cousin Lucy. Did you hear,
What John said? 'Twas so very queer!
A man is standing in our area—
Hush! There he's whispering to Mary, or

Ellen. I wonder, any way,
What it can be he has to say!"

A person with this sign very large is prone to ask questions, and is an adept in the figuratively mechanical art of pumping. The faculty and its sign are large in those who are expert in ferreting out thieves, and stolen goods. The nose of the hog, which projects horizontally, turning up in a distinct rim, indicates a great deal of this faculty; and we find it corresponds with his character; for he lives in its constant exercise, his food, in a state of nature, being concealed in the ground, or under the fallen leaves. This faculty gives a natural disposition to dig in the dirt; and hence the Irish, who have the sign large, are the most inveterate dirt-diggers in the world.

The faculty of Secretiveness is found opposite to Inquisitiveness, against whose prying curiosity it shuts up itself, as an oyster in its shell. It is indicated by the breadth or expansion of the nostril



As in this picture you may view
A Chinese face, it's very true;
And the Celestials have a rare
Secretiveness, for every where
They lock their doors, and bar their gates,
Clipping the wings of every art,
Lest it should fly. The cruel Fates
After long centuries of deep concealment,
Dashed all their cherished mysteries with revealment.
And thus their famous porcelain mart
Without a guarded portal lies,
Exposed to strange and curious eyes;
While evermore unhallowed feet
Their secrets chase from street to street.

The Negroes have both this faculty and its sign very large. It gives a disposition to hide or conceal things; and joined with large Acquisitiveness forms the miser, in whose character there is a strong propensity to hide money, or bury it. The fox has a large sign of this faculty, which, by the most prominent trait that we know of him, establishes our theory.

The faculty of Suspicion is seen in the length of the nose, from the root downward,

at a right angle with the sign of Inquisitiveness, as in the next picture.



Thus when we see a person touch his nose,
Though not a physiognomist, he shows
Sign of his own suspicion. He will see
Minutest flaws that mar integrity;
And where there are none, apprehend their being;
For he is cursed with marvellous clear-seeing.
Dangers and difficulties far ahead,

Unnerve his arm, and fill his soul with dread;
Thus he corrodes, as by some poisonous lotion,
While simple Faith would set the wheels in motion,
That roll right onward to success;
Nor is his social nature less
Enthralled. He always fears a foe
In every friend—and makes him so.

The proper degree of this faculty should be termed Consciousness; and unless when morbidly active, it gives just notions of motive and character. The sign of Consciousness is large in several of the lower animals, which seem to have a wonderful perception of character. Among these are the dog, the fox, the raven, and the elephant. The French and Italians have the sign of this faculty larger than the English and Scotch; and they are also more remarkable for the trait of character it defines. The Irish are very suspicious; and they have the sign large.

FACTS AND PHENOMENA.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

ELECTRICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

NATURAL objects and phenomena increase in interest, as we proceed from the lower to the higher gradations of being. Curious and instructive as are the laws and processes exhibited in the chemical affinities of inorganic nature, still the most imperfect organic form is invested with a far deeper interest, and in its silent language appeals to the soul with a mightier power.

The gems that lie embedded in the earth are precious; the concretion of a rock, the formation of a dew drop or a snow flake, is a theme of sufficient interest to enlist the noblest intellect. Crystals sparkle in the ocean caves; brilliant corruscations illumine the polar skies; refulgent dyes, blended in the alembic of Nature, are transfused like fire mist, through earth, and sea, and air—these are all beautiful. But the violet that blooms in the valley; the rose that blushes at the approach of a sunbeam; the old oak

that strikes his roots deep into the mountain, and raises his aspiring arms to the bending heavens—even the meanest flower that opens its petals by the wayside, and pours out its incense to the Morning, is far more beautiful, for it is a revelation of the all-pervading LIFE.

Another step—and what wonders do we behold! The eye and the ear are formed, and the external world is unveiled. The perception of outward objects, the power of locomotion, the love of offspring, and all the mysterious instincts of the animal creation, invite our attention. Not Life, alone, with its myriad forms of beauty, but SENSATION with its deep, thrilling, unwritten, and unspoken revelations of pleasure and pain, present a theme fraught with a still higher interest to the conscious Soul.

But it is only when we approach the sphere of Mind, that we become conscious of enter-

ing within the very portals of the invisible world. The whole subject is invested with a surpassing beauty, yet with a solemnity deep and awful. This unfathomable mystery of Thought! this gift of Reason; this power to investigate the great laws of the Universe; these silent aspirations, in which the Soul pours out its libations, and rising in the transfigured beauty of the immortal—spurns its temple of clay and asserts its kindred with angels and with God—in these we read a revelation, at once soothing, and sacred, and sublime, of

—“the Divinity that stirs within us.”

The most ennobling themes belong to the sphere of mind. From the close relation of the subject to man, and its proximity to the Divine nature and presence, every manifestation of mind must be regarded with the intensest interest. In the general treatise on Psychology, the first chapter of which will be found in this department, I shall endeavor to explain more fully the philosophy of some of the most extraordinary mental impressions and processes, while in this series I shall confine myself, mainly, to a statement of facts and phenomena, with such occasional illustrations and reflections as may seem to be necessary or appropriate.

About one year since my attention was called to the subject which comprehends the relations of electricity to the physical and mental functions. Several months have since been devoted to thought and experiment, and the result—satisfactory, at least, to myself—is realized in the profound conviction which impels me to write. Presuming that others may be interested in experiments which have served to startle and convince my own mind, I propose to submit them to the public through this medium.

It will be necessary to premise that electricity is generated in the various processes of the system, where there is either chemical or mechanical action. This fact is too well known to demand the labor of an argument. The animal electricity thus evolved, is believed to constitute the circulating medium of the nervous system, and the motive power

of the body, on which the functions of the organs depend. By pressing the fingers on certain nerves, beginning at the extremities and gradually approaching the brain, a nervo electrical communication may be established between two persons. If the bodies and minds thus united sustain suitable relations, it will be in the power of one, to control the physical and mental functions of the other.

It is well known that all electrical phenomena depend on the existence of positive and negative relations or forces. The same law is found to determine the results of which I propose to speak. Accordingly, the effect will be more or less remarkable as the conditions of the two systems—comprehending the electrical state of the body, and the general measure of power—are diverse. This will sufficiently account for the various degrees of susceptibility, manifested by different persons, and the apparent invulnerability of some. That it is in the power of one mind, through the medium of the nerves, to make an impression on the sensorium of another person, will appear exceedingly probable if we consider, for a moment, the subject of ordinary sensation.

A few feeble rays of light, reflected from the surface of some foreign object, so disturb the electro nervous fluid, which pervades the optic nerve, as to make an impression on the sensorium, which is instantly received and interpreted by the mind. The sense of hearing results from a similar electrical disturbance on the auditory nerve, and the other senses admit of an explanation on the same principle. Thus, it will be perceived that, the motion of a few particles of matter, though these are so minute as to be invisible, may disturb the electric medium of the nerves, in such a manner as to produce all the wonderful phenomena of sensation.

In view of the foregoing facts and considerations, it is not too much to assume that mind, when acting through these material lines of communication—the nerves—may produce similar, and far more powerful impressions. To deny this, it would be necessary to assume that a few particles of in-

organic matter furnish an adequate cause for effects, which intelligence, with all its God-like capabilities is deemed insufficient to produce. This would be to announce the chief article in the creed of Materialism, by exalting the world of matter above the world of mind. Those who will, may occupy this position—the writer will not.

It may not be improper to give the reader some idea of these electro mental impressions, before I proceed to narrate the particulars of my own observations and experiments. The phenomena which serve to illustrate the relations of animal electricity to the physical and mental functions, may be divided into three general classes. First—those in which the nerves of voluntary motion are governed, and muscular contractions produced. The subject is made to close and open the eyes, to sit down or to arise, to walk or stand still, to speak or be silent, and to assume a variety of attitudes, all at the pleasure of the operator. Adopting personal observation and experience as the criterion of judgment, it may be inferred that about one in every six persons, as they ordinarily present themselves, can be controlled to this extent.

The next class of experiments comprehends a great number and variety of Psychological effects, of the most interesting and astounding character. Not only the bodily organs, but the mental functions, are prompted and governed by the will of the experimenter. Having selected a person whose negative relation renders him susceptible, and having established the electro nervous communication as before described, it will be an easy task to control the different senses. Thus commanding the several avenues leading from the outer world, through which the mind must necessarily receive its communications, it is the privilege of the person sustaining this relation to regulate the mental impressions and processes of his subject. When the operator is a man of great imaginative power and sufficient concentration, the images may assume a more striking grandeur and vivid beauty, than if

actually presented through the process of ordinary sensation. For who does not know that the electro nervous disturbances, occasioned by the light—even when reflected to the eye from the boldest outlines, and through the purest atmosphere—are feeble when compared with those produced by the intense and concentrated action of mind.

Let us suppose a few examples to illustrate the nature and variety of these experiments. The spell is induced—and a scene of wretchedness passes before the subject. Some helpless victim of oppression prays for the poor pittance earned by his toil, and tears and blood. The subject weeps—exhibiting the deepest anguish. Again he is called to witness some ridiculous farce enacted in the halls of the rich and great, and he is at once convulsed with laughter. Suddenly a terrible tempest rises before him. He is stupified with the awful thunder or blinded by the vivid lightning! The fierce tornado sweeps up the heights and down the vales, and the forests of a thousand years bow low with seeming reverence. He sees the great rocks leap from their resting places, among the thunder-smitten pinnacles, and as they come tumbling to the plain he is overwhelmed with apprehension and despair.

But the vision passes. The picture grows dim like those dissolving views which fade away, only that other images may appear. Now the quiet grandeur of a new scene is revealed to the eye of the entranced. The elements sleep together, all unconscious of their latent strength, as heroes in the gentleness of infancy. The time is evening. A gorgeous couch, of gilded and fleecy clouds, is spread out in the western horizon, on which the great Sun reclines at the close of his journey. Beauty is enshrined in all visible forms, and music is a universal presence. Quick as thought, the picture with all its splendid coloring vanishes, and not one ray of its light remains to relieve the dismal blank!

A voice! deep—awful—and inarticulate, comes from beneath, and a strange oscillato-

ry motion, reveals the gigantic tread of the Earthquake! The subject is seized with apprehension, and every fiber of his body is shaken. The earth yawns at his feet, and he finds himself going down—down—far down—and under this impression falls prostrate. Surrounded by all the horrors of his dim subterranean, the poor captive struggles to break his chains. Anon, those dungeon walls become transparent to his vision.—Like a veil of gossamer, they fall at the slightest touch, and again he is free. Now he wanders over fields of spices, or lingers among the orange groves, to inhale the fragrance. And then, great deserts of burning sand are spread out before him further than the eye can see; and again, his shivering form shrinks from the rude blasts of polar skies. One moment he is riding the blue waves in a marine charriot, drawn by monsters of the deep, and the next moment he vainly endeavors to warm his hands by the light of the moon. Thus a succession of images as diversified as the imagination can conceive, may be made to pass before the sense and the soul at pleasure.

Another class of experiments—one which

exhibits in a more conspicuous light the practical importance of the subject—comprehends those in which the physiological conditions of the body are readily changed and the specific effects of various remedial agents produced, almost instantly—when not a particle of medicine has been administered. If the subject is suffering the severest pain, he can be relieved in a moment. The weak, may suddenly become strong. Many diseases, invulnerable to the ordinary professional modes, can be instantly alleviated and effectually cured. The writer has produced some or all of these effects on different persons, and can repeat them at pleasure on any person susceptible to psychological impressions.

In subsequent numbers of this work, we shall give the details of our personal experience and observation. We have only to add in this connection, that the subject possesses a peculiar interest and importance. An agent which may be directed to such beneficial results merits an intelligent investigation, and wherever the mind is free and the interests of humanity are duly respected, its claims will be honored.

HEAT.

By some very interesting experiments, Professor Henry has shown the analogy between light and heat. He states that as two rays of *light* might be so opposed as to produce *darkness*, so two rays of *heat* might be so opposed as to produce *cold*. He conceives, therefore, that the theory of undulation is not an imagination, but the expression of a *law*. Among flames there are many which, while they afford but little light, give a great degree of heat. One of these is hydrogen.

He also found that the spots on the sun are colder than the surrounding surface; and that the surface is invariably heated. This result was obtained by a very simple process. The experiment consisted of throwing the disc of the sun on a screen, and placing

a very sensitive thermo-electric pile before its different parts. This apparatus he fitted to a common paste board tube, blackened on the inside, and covered with gilt paper externally; and with it he measured the heat of distant objects. He could determine the heat of a house five miles off, and that of a person's face at the distance of a mile. In this way he discovered that the coldest part of the sky is the zenith.

One day, observing a cloud from which flashes of lightning proceeded, he directed his tube to it, and was astonished to find that it indicated a great degree of *cold*. The enigma was afterward solved, by the fact, that the cloud had discharged a considerable quantity of hail.

POLITE LITERATURE.

THE AUTHORITY OF THE IDEAL.

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

"THE Spirit of the Living Creature was in the wheels!" An ancient Seer uttered this saying in his description of a vision, in which the connexion between the Active Principle, and the moving forms of the Universe, was illustrated by revolving wheels, informed and moved by supersensual life. They suggest to us the authority of the ideal—the truth that all outward action is the result of inward life: that all visible and material organisms are the product of invisible and organizing force.

The present Age, in one of its aspects is eminently material. There is a temper abroad which studiously contemns, and undervalues, whatever is abstract, whatever is ideal. Political Economists, Practical Statesmen, Teachers of Religion, no less than the unlettered multitude, seem to lose sight of the connexion between motives and deeds, between sentiments and actions, between abstract ideas and concrete institutions. In their veneration for the created works of man, they lose sight of the perpetual existence, the perpetual activity, of Creative life within man. Observing the wondrous play of the stupendous mechanism of Civilization, they forget the spirit of the living creature that is in the wheels.

Coming down to the common experience, how often do we see others commit—how often do we, ourselves, commit—the error of which I speak. By the fireside we make much of the trifling act the little child performs—the sudden blow, perhaps, or the slightest effort of memory—but we leave unnoticed the lightning-like flickering of emotions, as they pass briefly over the countenance, and suggest the wakening activity

of a primitive and spiritual life within. In our Courts of Justice, we shrink, horror-stricken, from the man who, in sudden heat, has put forth his hand to smite, or slay.—That is active—there is in it, we think, something palpable and real—but the ideas of revenge, the sentiments of hate the man has held, have been almost overlooked by parents, friends, government and society, till they have burst forth in murderous activity, in shed blood, bearing mute witness before high heaven.

In public places we do homage to the man who has proved himself great in action.—The warrior who has won a battle, the statesman who has founded some public institution, the scholar who has written an eloquent book, meet with homage, which implies that men think them and their deeds exceptional. But in every imagination reside works of Art, in every mind lie latent codes and governments, in every will live battles, waiting opportunity to pass from the ideal to the actual.

We accredit greatness when it has stamped its signet on the material world, when its idea has been realized, or its thought has been uttered; but often the higher Greatness comes and sits with us familiarly by our own fire-side, dropping, in homely phrase, ideas that are yet to become the inheritance of all men, and the common property of successive ages; and "our eyes are holden" that we cannot see it. High thoughts, inspired prophecyings, divine emotions, principles that fix themselves fast in the unalterable rectitude of God—all these, in the common apprehension, go unacknowledged: they seem unsubstantial, and ephemeral, compared

with yesterday's successful bargain, or to-day's food and wine. But the thought that seemed so familiar and ineffectual, by the fire-side, at last gets utterance before the world, and breaks in thunder upon the nations. It marshals armies; it subverts dynasties; it breaks up old empires; it opens a new era in universal history. And the man who seemed to common eyes remarkable only for peculiarities of dress, or forgetfulness of etiquette, when his hour has arrived, becomes noted for other peculiarities. He grasps his thought; it is in his hand a scepter of lightning: and with it he rules the world.

By a divine necessity, life ever flows into form, thought into system, the ideal into the actual. In the long run, no Institution, be it ever so powerful, can withstand a thought that is higher and better than itself. The ideas that seem to one class of men harmless speculations, filling up gracefully the interludes between the morning drive and the afternoon banquet, grasped by another class of men, become swords in the hands of heroes, and chain-armor for the battle, invulnerable as tempered steel. Pleasant pastime seemed it for the cultivated and luxurious nobles of the court of Louis XVI, to speculate on the ideal rights of man, to dwell admiringly on the deeds of Dion and Brutus, to revive the heroic memories of Plataea and Thermopylae, to hurl in sport at throne and altar, the philosophic arguments of Montesquieu, and the burning sarcasms of Voltaire. But these ideas, so tranquilly discussed, fell like coals of fire into the magazine of popular discontent; and one terrific explosion, convulsing Europe, shook to the earth that time-cemented despotism.

The counting room of one of our great Merchants is an interesting sight. There in long lines, stand ponderous ledgers, recording vast transactions. There are samples of the products of every land and clime. There is the iron-bound safe, the strong receptacle of treasures. Above, are lofts heaped up with teas, and silks, and spices, products of another hemisphere. Beyond lies the wharf,

where deep laden ships depart sea-ward, or fold in rest their white, returning wings.—All this seems to you real, permanent and substantial. But in that counting room sits a MAN, silent, pale, unnoticed, and in his abstract, ideal thought originates this gigantic system of commerce. His abstract ideas send huge ships to India, making tides and trade-winds do their bidding. In that brain center magnetic lines of thought, that radiate outward to the far circumference of the world. Inwardly he desires, meditates, and resolves; and thought and resolution are the living nerves that move the mighty framework. All this outward doing which we behold, had its origin in the abstractions of that silent mind. They live related, as created body, and creative life.

Equally suggestive is the great Factory; one of those Fortresses of Industry peculiar to our own time. Centrally looms up the great building, many windowed, and many storied. Around it lie the grouped dwellings of its artizans. Reaching out is the iron road which pours in the raw material, and bears away the finished product. Within are ten thousand spindles revolving with sure celerity; slender threads, innumerable and never resting, fly from room to room. Viewless shuttles, swift as light, and certain as time, fly to and fro among them. Swift wheels in endless circulation revolve amidst them; and busy hands of children, and women, and men, tend all the mysterious array. Below blaze great fires beneath chambers of iron; and pent up forces, generated there, keep active the complicated system.

How puny seems Man in the midst of these mighty organisms: how puerile his task among these splendid activities. How much more real, more substantial, seems this massive enginery than the abstract speculation, the hidden thought. Yet behind all this organized matter resides organizing force. The Actual is but the projected shadow of the Ideal. The iron heart of this mighty fabric, with all its mystic combination of metal, flame and steam was once a thought, and only a thought, inhabiting the

airy chambers of a student's mind. Those ten thousand spindles, revolving with surest swiftness, obedient to the impulses of one central force, are all projected from the slender filaments of a dreamer's brain. From the impalpable, invisible Ideal, sprang forth this goodly order. Watt and Arkwright were the visionaries of their day, whom any clown had liberty to ridicule. Yet from their pale and shadowy abstractions has sprung forth the New Industrial Order; throning itself on the subverted Feudalism of the Past, multiplying a thousand fold all human products; lessening and simplifying, in like degree, all human labor; filling the world with newly created utility and beauty; hastening on the mighty march of civilization and self-government; and opening up a new and grander era in the existence of the human race.

Extend your survey to the capital of a People, the living center of its national existence. There rises its central court, where all the disagreements of its collective life are peacefully adjusted; there the University where the gathered wisdom and experience of the Past instruct the Present, and await the Future:—there the Armory, stored with weapons of destruction, waiting their hour to speak in thunder and in fire:—there the Patent office, crowded with machinery, novel in thought, mighty in use, and mysterious with combined, concentrate power:—there the Press, silent, yet speaking to the four quarters of the heaven:—there the chamber where center the electric wires that thrill with human thought:—there the depot where interlace the meshes of the iron network of public communication. All this seems permanent and substantial; and the contemner of the abstract stands here to find arguments for his materialism. But from whence come Court, Palace, Press, Telegraph, Railway? From the unembodied; from the invisible! It is thought that flies along the iron nerves of the telegraph; it is the Ideal that, like a mighty spirit, heaps together the palaces, controls the elements of nature, and utters from the bench, the sen-

ate, and the press, the oracles of its divine intelligence.

Returning from Collective to Individual Life, see there, too, the authority of the Ideal. See how the invisible things create the visible, and the bodiless contain within themselves the whole of the substantial.—You speak; and the voice, like some mighty organ, is eloquent with the melody of thought. You raise the arm; and it is thought whose fine resolve thus nerves it. You write a letter, a poem, an essay; you construct a ship, a building, a system of government, a business enterprise; and it is all the manifestation of your ideal life. Hidden motive nerves the arm to action; ideal sentiment lightens from the eye, and trembles on the lip, in accents and words of fire.—Behind all being lie the infinite receptacles of feeling and desire. Our material deeds are but so many land marks on the shores of existence. They reveal how high the spring tides of feeling have risen within the soul: they are the boundaries that enclose the waves of resolution, and the tides of will: they are the shores around the infinite profound of animated thought.

All of life that is not lost in the grossest pursuits and enjoyments, is overshadowed by the thoughts of the mind, and overflowed with emotions of the heart. The joy of home springs from within, from ideal sentiment and its gratifications. The chief pleasure of business results from realised foresight, from recompensed skill. The joys of society flow from inward emotion, from inspired conversation, or fraternal fellowship, from the interchange of courtesies which are all, in their refinement and delicacy, purely immaterial. It is to the gratification of ideal, abstract emotion, that the landscape, the heavens, the poem, the statue, the eloquent flow of language, the glorious burst of music, minister. It is for their power to quicken the ideal life within, that the homes of genius, the creations of art, the scenes of grand achievements, the graves of saints, and heroes, and martyrs, are honored, and visit-

ed. It was a pale and bodiless Idea that held the helm of the caraval that bore Columbus over untraveled seas, to an undiscovered hemisphere. It was in the might of sentiment that Luther, before the Diet of Worms, defied the Pope, the Emperor, the combined chivalry and hierarchy of Christendom, exclaiming: "Here stand I. I cannot do otherwise; so help me God!"

Why tremble the Despots of Europe to-day, in their palaces, and upon their thrones? Why do they blanch and cower in the charnel house that they have made, trembling before the very bones of the Martyrs of Humanity, as if they were the invincible and immortal armies of the Resurrection? It is because there is a sense in the Universal Reason, a nerve in the Universal Heart, that responds to the omnipotence of the Ideal, that intuitively realizes its final pow-

er to mold the Actual to its own divinest form.

And now to the final point which I would urge, as the result of this discussion. To the exaltation of this Ideal Life, to the preservation of its integrity, the training of its energies, the culture of its faculties, and its affections, should be directed our earnest and perpetual care. To the determining, educating, perfecting, of that Ideal Life, whose product is Art, Eloquence, Philosophy, Philanthropy, Society, Religion, Harmony of living joy, should be devoted life's hours of glad and blessed promise. For the outward mechanism of existence shall perish, but the Living Spirit shall immortally endure, there as here, to manifest in action the hidden sentiments of being: to light its outward heaven according to the glory of its inward life.

THE JAY BIRD'S SONG.

BY FANNY GREEN.

This weather to me is a constant distress,
For it damps the spirits and soils the dress,
In vain I cherish each glossy plume,
For still it seems tinged with the outer gloom,
To dress is indeed a cruel sport;
For to sunnier climes have adjourned the Court.

The Oriole with her mantle bright,
The young belle, Robin, with eyes of light,
The quaker Dove, and the tender Thrush,
The Tanager bright as the morning blush,
The minstrel Boblink with music rare—
They are all drinking sweets from the southern air.

They might have invited me to go—
Their ever-attentive and constant beau:
But they flew away—and they left me here—
Though I've danced attendance from year to year,
Praising their beauty from tree to tree;
And this is a lesson for others like me.

Forever their knight, and their champion true—
Their jester I was, and their trumpeter too,
I mimicked the Catbird, and challenged the Owl—
And he, at the least, is a dangerous fowl,
But they all forgot me, and left me to stray
In the dun old woods—as dun as they:

And no wonder. How like a bear I look;

For a peep in my icicle mirror I took—
My plumage is faded, and drooping my crest—
And something has stained the pure white of my vest.
Old Winter is such a disfiguring elf—
I'm sure I should hardly have known myself!

I never, indeed, beheld such a fright!
It must be, I think, the effect of the light.
It's fortunate, truly, the ladies *are* gone,
Just now, while I'm looking so very forlorn.
I should forfeit my caste, and forever, I know,
Should they now get a peep at their desolate beau.

In the spring they'll come back; and meanwhile in
the sun
I will spread out my plumes, and see what can be
done—
I'll fly right away to the yet open springs,
And try what a cold bath will do for my wings;
My feelings have taken my coat's summer hue—
Though my feathers are dun—yet my spirits are blue.

I see it is prudent to hurry away;
For I shall be frozen to death if I stay—
My limbs are quite stiff in this sharp stinging air;
And a dead bird is such an ungraceful affair.
Aloft, then, and practise some flattering strain—
Till the Jay is himself—in his new coat again.

MYTHIC STORIES.

BY FANNY GREEN.

ETHELDA.

ON the beautiful banks of the Wye was kept the pastoral court of Queen Ethelda, who, though only twenty, was as celebrated throughout all Britian for her great beauty and accomplishments, as she was loved by all who knew her for her kindness, her gentleness, and her sweet sunny nature. The young kings of Britain, and several princes from the neighboring courts, had sought her hand. But much to the annoyance of her subjects, who considered that their own honor was concerned in the matter, she refused them all, though several of them, it was averred, were possessed of attractions which no woman, and especially no queen, should resist. How happened this? Had the young Ethelda, beneath all her gentleness, a hard heart? You shall hear.

Two of the most inveterate of the discarded group of royal suitors were Avarwy, King of the Regni, and Gwenwyn, King of the Trinobantes. They had gathered together the choicest men of their respective kingdoms, having agreed to do battle for the possession of the obdurate fair.

The two opposing forces are now drawn up in battle array, on a plain just below the castle of Ethelda.

"Great pains, they are taking, forsooth! and all for the entertainment of a poor, forlorn damsel, like me!" The young queen was leaning as she spoke, over a parapet of the highest tower, which commanded an extensive view of the country below, and for many miles beyond.

"By my soul?" continued Ethelda, laughing bitterly, "they are taking strange ways to win a woman's heart!"

"And yet, woman's heart, my pet queen, is oftener won with sword than lute," said

the aged nurse, while her head shook in her energy with a spasmodic action.

"And yonder beautiful plain is to be drenched with human blood! One would think they regarded their Lady love as a beast or bird of prey—a wolf, or a vulture, by their paying court to her in this fashion, seeking to win her with such loathsome offerings," said Ethelda, with a shudder.

"Tut, tut! my queen pet," returned Nurse. "Thou art a dainty chit, to say the least, and deservest to lose thy own crown for thy wilfulness. Why yon gallants, child——"

"Nay, good mother Irwin; no more of that—but tell me, what if Avarwy wins the day?"

"What beats the silly child to ask such a question! He will marry thee, without a doubt."

"And what if Gwenwyn?" pursued Ethelda.

"Why, he will marry our gracious lady Ethelda, Queen of the Iceni."

"But have I not said them both nay?"

"True, my Queen of pets; but thou never could'st have meant it. And when they have both risked life in the struggle—when the victor throws himself at thy feet, glowing with love, and brilliant in glory, thou canst not withstand such claims! No mortal maiden could."

"Nay, good Nurse, hear me. It is vain speaking to me thus. I never will marry either of them. I will die—I will suffer torture—I will go to the stake first."

"What a silly child thou art, my pet of queens!" responded Nurse. "If thy good mother were here, she would be ashamed of thee, for thy wilfulness; and thy father would disown thee!"

"Alas, I have no father or mother, now—no kith or kin to care for me, either with love, or censure—to look after, or protect me. I have now but thee, good mother Irwin—no other in the wide world—or I should not thus become the prey of the strongest. And wilt thou turn against me? thou who wast my mother's play-mate, and fed from the same breast—thou who first drew breath in the royal halls of Iceni! For the sake of those dear ones that are gone—for the sake of the orphan child they have left thee—sustain me now, in my trouble; for my sorrow is, indeed, greater than I can bear!" Ethelda wrung her hands, while tears flowed from her blue eyes, wetting the fair curls that clustered round the soft arch of her bending neck, and streamed like spiral sunbeams over her pendant forehead.

"Is there anything I would not do for thee, my pet darling?" replied nurse, touched by the young creature's distress; and as she spoke she hobbled up to her side and embraced her tenderly.

"I believe thee," said Ethelda, instantly drying her tears, as she raised her head from the faithful bosom where it had fallen. "I have no time to waste. Listen to me, nurse. I should not now be standing here so quietly—I should leave my kingdom and fly to the ends of the earth; but I have had a dream—a vision."

"And what was it, my fairest flower?" enquired Nurse.

"Last night, as I lay thinking of this day, and the coming strife, I grew so faint and sick at heart, it seemed as if I should die. Then a dreadful coldness fell upon me. Ice was creeping over my heart. The tears that should have flowed from my eyes, seemed to be thrust backward; and then they turned to icicles, and choked me. How long I remained in this state I know not; it seemed long hours. But some gentle spirit touched my congealed tears; and they melted. I wept myself to sleep. And then a beautiful spirit stood before me. She was no bigger than my tiniest doll,—which thou

still cherishest so carefully—and yet so perfect in form and feature."

"The wonder of the world!" exclaimed Nurse.

"I knew," continued Ethelda, "even before she addressed me, that I beheld the good fairy who had presided at my birth."

"And bestowed on thee beauty, and wit, and wisdom, that have made thee the wonder and desire of all the kings of the earth, my pet of pets," chimed in the nurse.

"Yet the wisdom thou art wont to question, most gracious Irwin;" returned Ethelda, with a sad smile.

"Ah, no doubt, my Lily-bud!" responded Nurse. "But pray go on."

"The Fairy approached me with the sweetest smile—gentle and kind, yet it was the smile of a true queen. She told me how she had promised my mother to protect me—and said that it was now time to do so. She laid her little hand on my brow. It was diminutive and fair as an orient pearl; but O the heavenly peace and rapture that flowed into that touch. I knew that all was well. Then in the sweetest tones she spoke thus. 'Daughter of Earth! thou shalt be delivered from the toils. A champion is near. When a blue mantle waves before thee, deliverance is at hand. Rest in peace.' Even while I looked on her, I slept, and blessed her in my dreams."

"But look yonder, good mother," continued Ethelda, after a short pause. "See they are approaching to the conflict. The clarion of war is sounding; and the chariots are going forth! O, but this is horrible!" and the delicate creature, who was far too gentle for her times, hid her face with her hands. As she spoke, the two armies, terrible in all their war paint, and glistening armor, drew very near, confronting each other, while several of the charioteers of Gwenwyn dashed into the ranks of the foe.

Suddenly shield, spear, and chariot, with the strong arms that bore and guided them, were arrested in their movements. Thus stood the hosts as if paralysed in the midst of action, while cries of wonder and admira-

tion succeeded the tumult of the onset. A horseman, mounted on a charger of snowy whiteness, rode into the midst. Both man and horse seemed gifted with supernatural powers; for while they shrank not, in the measure of a single nerve, from the weapons which, by some brutal hands, were at first raised against them, they yet appeared of the gentlest and the divinest character. Bold in his lovingness, meek in his courage, rode on the horseman. A mantle of the softest blue, fell gracefully from his fair shoulders; and the rich streams of his saffron hair flowed back from the light azure scarf that bound his fine head; while from his beaming eyes, and radiant brow—from the more than kingly nobleness of his whole mien—beamed forth such a glory, that he seemed some fair archangel, sent by Heaven to allay the strife.

"O, he is come!—and in such a form!" almost shrieked Ethelda; and then low, loving words fainted on her lips, like bees on the bosom of flowers whence they have drawn too much nectar.

Scarcely had she spoken when the stranger took a small lyre from his bosom, and raising it in the air, passed his hand lightly over the chords, calling forth a strain which seemed drawn from the deepest fountain of harmony, and had power in itself to melt and subdue every false note, and bring even discord into sweet accord with itself.

It was a joy for angels to see the brute passions melting away from the features of those savage men, like black clouds from Heaven's sunshine. As they listened to the notes, deep-toned as the deepest feelings of the heart, yet clear and ringing as the song of birds, the air itself, that was so full of melody, seemed changing in its light. They looked forth with new eyes; and they who had come to slay each other, embraced, sealing their fraternity with a kiss of love. The chords of every heart, true to their sweet nature, gave out a thrilling response to the chords of the lyre, till all was music—all was harmony—all was love—love that pervaded the whole atmosphere, and filled every bosom with its divine sweetness.

Slowly, from rank to rank, passed on that heroic bard, chanting his strains of love; and strong men, with scarry breasts painted with horrible images of war, feeling once more the old tenderness which they had long outgrown with their childhood, looked up, and blessed him with quivering lips, and streaming eyes. The iron of an unnatural custom melted from every bosom.

But suddenly, before any one could ask whither, the weird enchanter was gone. The rival kings embraced each other, like brethren, as they were. By a tacit understanding, each withdrew his forces from the field; and they who had come to destroy each other, went away linked together in the gentle bonds of amity.

In a deep and secluded valley on the mossy border of a prattling brook, that had never before exerted its blandishments in vain, reclined the minstrel. He had achieved a victory which, while it satisfied his soul's paramount desire, yet brought him into bonds, from which he had striven in vain to extricate himself. He had seen Ethelda leaning from the parapet. His whole heart had gone forth at a single glance; and vainly was he striving to call the wanderer back. Never before had he been touched by human beauty; though the most voluptuous daughters of the Orient had looked at him, with starry loves beaming out from their eyes of deepest midnight; and the gentle maidens of Circassia, human Lilies, blooming amid the verdure of their mountain bowers, had been wont to bend on the gentle wanderer soft and timid glances, as they listened to the love he taught, but could not feel, or brought him water from their own fresh and sparkling fountains.

"Does not the fame of her beauty reach to the ends of the earth?" he murmured despondingly; "and has she not grown proud, and haughty, and disdainful? She has rejected kings vast in dominion, rich in beauty, strong in power, lustrous in glory! And while I have neither, shall I dare to cast myself before her, a poor suppliant for mercy, to be spurned with loathing, or turned aside with a still more humiliating pity? Never!

never—I will not thus degrade myself. I will seek if in the wide earth there is a height—there is a depth—where this all-engrossing thought—this bewitching image—may not follow and possess me. And thou my Lyre, ever dear and faithful—ever true and gentle—shalt be my bride. Henceforth I am wedded to thee, only ; and never—never—will I forsake thee, for the worship, or the love, of a proud and wilful woman!” He pressed the lyre to his bosom ; and passing a hand tenderly over the chords, drew forth a low response, as if in answer to his pledge.

“Hail to thee, thou blessed of the Divine Powers!” These words, in a low and quivering voice, aroused the minstrel, as an ancient servant of Ethelda’s household bowed before him, saying that he had been long seeking him with a numerous train ; for his young queen would see and bless him for her deliverance. Was the promise to his lyre forgotten, that with such a light heart he arose, and went forth to meet the haughty and disdainful one, he had made such effort to traduce ?

Amid her encircling maidens, each one a foil for the fairest, and yet all so far less fair than their radiant Queen, sat Ethelda, adorning her pure white robes, as a star the halo that enzones it. The young bard passing between the ranks of courtiers, who had risen at his approach, advanced with a trembling step, whose every lightest echo woke a throb, and a thrill, in that royal but loving heart—which was more entirely won by the youth’s sweet modesty and gentle mien.

“If thou art not an angel from Heaven, thou must be Orfeo, the bardic king of the Cimbri!” said Ethelda holding out her hand, with a gesture and look of sweetest encouragement.

“Thou hast spoken truly ; it is Orfeo ;” he answered abstractedly ; for he was lost in a strange bewilderment.

“I would thank thee—” said Ethelda, again offering the hand he had not dared to touch, “I would bless thee for more than life.”

But when he took that hand—and prostrating himself, looked up into the face that beamed so earnestly, and yet so kindly, all the hoard of thought, feeling, passion, which had been gathering in his ardent but pure life, gushed into his heart, with a torrent to which music only could give utterance—for itself was music. Bending gracefully on one knee, the minstrel acknowledged the royal presence by a respectful obeisance—and then how truly—how fully spoke the lyre. Wonder at her strange beauty, sublimed by a devotion that made worship, itself, a glory, first became so clearly intelligible, no words could have spoken as forcibly. Then, by a hardly perceptible variation, came expression of their sympathy—the revelations eye had made to eye—and heart to heart. How those winged notes flew forth, dove-messengers from soul to soul, until by the contracting chords of harmony they were softly drawn together.

In a single instant those two spirits felt a revelation of their own absolute unity. The whole world had vanished from their view. They beheld only each other, enhaloed with that sweet idea which, investing them with its glory, made them one—made them all. How should they—how could they remain asunder ? Naturally as the confluence of streams—necessarily as the blending of sun-rays—they were drawn to each other’s arms. Heart throbbed against heart—lips were pressed to lips—their long fair curls clustered lovingly together—and tears of mingled love, hope, and rapture, streamed from their beautiful eyes.

It was a union angels kept their harps silent to behold ; for it was an essence of the divine harmony that pervadeth the true nature of all things—thrilling through the utmost boundaries of the universe. And thus young Orfeo, the minstrel king of the Cimbri, won to his heart, and his throne, Ethelda, the loveliest and fairest of the British Queens.

CARLOS D. STUART.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE biography of every man, who has arisen to eminence of any kind, by his own talent, energy, and industry, is a noble lesson of encouragement to all who read it. Self-made men are guide-marks to their race—living witnesses that God has endowed man with the material and power, necessary to accomplish the most exalted fortune and fame, and that it is by no means essential to a man's success or greatness, that he has, or has not, the inherited appliances of high birth, wealth, and consequent position, "forearming him" for his encounter with the world.

The greatest names on the page of history as well as in the affections of mankind, belong to men who have arisen from obscure birth, against wealth, and in defiance of what is called advantageous position. Bearing in their nature the sacred fire of genius to conceive, and will to do, they have warmed and kindled at the breath of the opposing tempest, and by unwearying, undaunted struggle, dawned day by day into broader, stronger, and more beautiful life. Such men, trusting to no fortuitous aids, and owing nothing to desultory chance, have so beaten their pathway upward, that they could not be thrust down or backward, by the accidents which disarm and discourage the mere favorites of circumstance. It is not the men who have inherited most, except it were in wealth of soul, and nobility of purpose, who have risen highest, but rather the men with no dower save rich soul, and noble purpose, who have made fortunate and adverse circumstances, alike a spur to goad their steed up the steep, and stubborn height, where

"Fame's proud temple shines afar."

To such men every possible goal is accomplishable, and honest ambition has no altitude which genius, or talent may tread, that has not felt the impress of their feet.

We have been led to these reflections, as appropriate to a brief biography of the man whose name stands at the head of this article. Carlos D. Stuart, if not a man of genius, is a man of that peculiar talent which aspires to, and accomplishes the goal of genius. Beyond all question, he is a self-made man. His education, his reputation, his position in society, and his fortune, if he has one, have been the produce of his own hand and brain. Mr. Stuart is known principally as a poet, for the reason that most of his literary thought which has been given to the public in his name, has been in the form of verse. But his reputation as a poet, though it attaches to some of the sweetest and most stirring ballads and lyrics extant—and though he, as a boyish folly, some years ago, published a volume of poems, written and printed within six weeks—by no means does justice to his power as a thinker and writer, or to his character as a man.

Mr. Stuart has written perhaps as voluminously as any man of his age, but his letter correspondence in this country, and from Europe, with the newspaper press, as well as the mass of matter, discussing the questions and philosophies of the day, written by him during the three years just past, as principal editor of the New York Sun, have contributed more to the reputation of newspapers, than to his own, from the fact that necessarily or purposely, his name has been withheld from the public. If his poetry is harmonious and vigorous, his prose is far more so. A strong, deep, and never-failing sense of humanity pervades both; but in the latter he has found scope for an invective against tyranny and wrong, which loses the force of its expression, when cramped in verse.

But we are discussing the qualities of the man, before our readers are properly intro-

duced to him. Carlos D. Stuart is a young man of twenty-eight years, of Scotch descent, as his name indicates, though he was born under the shadow of the Green Mountains in Vermont, and claims ancestors among the men who fought with the last of the royal Stuarts at Culloden, and at a later day, at Bunker Hill, against the red-coats of Britain.

His face is not very unlike the portrait we have presented to our readers, though the picture by no means flatters him, or does justice even, to the open and expressive frankness of his features. Physiognomically speaking, Mr. Stuart has a Caledonian head, big, well set and balanced, with light hair and blue eyes. If anything is wanting with him in the material man, it is greater physical strength to back up his large and ever-active brain. He was born, as we have said in Vermont, a state that can boast a long list of eminent self-made men, and not a few clever poets and authors. Saxe, Wilcox, and Stuart, have all written verse that will live, without the aid of boxing in the cage with "Griswold's Poets."

Mr. Stuart's father was a poor mechanic, though a man of strong intellect, and extensive reading, and eminent as a master of his trade. His mother—lately deceased—was a woman of rare mind and virtues. We have known her personally, and have often marked the strong resemblance between much of her mind and character, and that of her son; and we have heard young Stuart confess his indebtedness to that mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, for the best deeds, and inspirations of his life.

The first eleven years of that life were passed in his native town, Berlin, Vermont, and in those years he received all the education of any account, that he has ever derived from schools or disciplined study. At the age of eleven, his parents removed to Fort Ann, in the northern part of New York, where he passed a few years, working alternately at his father's trade, or with farmers who might chance to want the help of a smart and willing boy. In those days he worked his toe nails to the quick, which may

be taken as evidence that he was not over-shod, for his parents were, and ever have been, poor. But what is poverty—what for a few years is the lack of a fine coat, or a shining pair of boots, to a mind that pierces the future, and sees that fortune and honor, will come by and by. To Carlos D. Stuart the raggedness of honest poverty was never a disheartener. Inspired by the smile of his mother, his spirit quickened and expanded, in proportion to the obstacles he had to surmount. After a few years residence at Fort Ann, his father removed to Dresden, a mountainous town on the shore of Lake Champlain, and there he learned for four years the mysteries of making lumber, hunting bears and bees, and scotching rattlesnakes, reading meantime Homer, Milton, Gibbon, and Plutarch. His mind had not yet dawned to open expression, but was treasuring up elements for use in the future.

From Dresden his parents returned to Fort Ann—the log rolling had proven ruinous and overwearying—and young Stuart, without a coat in the world, or a pair of shoes, though the season of "nipping frost" was come, entered a village store as salesman and scribe, working there coatless, until he had earned cloth to put on his back. But his heart was not sad—his mother's smile was on him, and he toiled faithfully, but as one who dreams while he toils, and sees bright and golden visions far on before him.

It was about this time, in his seventeenth year, that he felt the spirit of poetry. He had never read poetry to love it particularly, though Homer was a favorite author with him, more from the interest he took in Homer's heroes, than in Homer's verse. He has often told us that he knew not from whence his poetry came, unless it was the spirit of his mother seeking expression in him. Between his mother and God, he claimed to have been inspired with whatever was noble or harmonious in his mind. In the country, poets are a sort of mystery to girls, and old women, and Stuart confesses to have suffered much annoyance from both,

on account of his, to him, miraculous conception.

Indeed, it was to escape the wonderment and quizzing of people who suppose every one crack-brained, who thinks differently or more happily than they, that he fled the country altogether, and with twenty-five dollars as the sum of his wealth, at the age of twenty, came to the city of New York, the first city he had ever seen, and one in which he was to triumph over poverty, neglect, and scorn, and make glad his mother's heart. To that period, and to this day, his mother has been the stimulus of his life—in the motto of his volume, published six years since, he exclaims :

“Mother, it was for thee I toiled.”

We say his mother was his inspirer, still, he ever felt that a good providence watched over him, and sought to make his life worthy of it.

We cannot forbear giving two incidents touching his advent on city life. A friend of his, then a member of the Legislature of this State, and since a member of Congress, and an eminent politician, fancied that Stuart ought to be in a broader and better field for the display of his mind. He was acquainted with Horace Greeley, then editing the “New Yorker,” a paper of high character, to which Stuart had contributed, and he wrote to Mr. G. asking a place for Stuart to learn printing and the arts thereunto appending. Mr. Greeley's reply, was a letter of advice, explaining the barrenness and uncertainty of that path as a road to fortune or fame, and urging Mr. Stuart not to think of it, nor to venture to the city, unless he had that capital of talent, or powerful friends, or advantageous circumstances, which would help him against the powerful competition ever existing in all the professions and paths of labor, in a great city. Stuart saw the wisdom of the advice in ordinary cases, and has since repeated it in substance to many who have written to him for counsel, but he felt that he had within him what was more than talent or wealth, or friends even, *a will to do, and rise*, though it might cost years of toil and

suffering. And so he went to the city, blessed with a parting promise-bow, formed of his mother's smile shining through her tears.

It was Autumn, and he had no letter of introduction, and no acquaintance in the great city. He went forward, however, trusting, and full of faith, though immediately on landing in New York, a negro stole both his trunk and umbrella. But he cared not for such a loss, amid such novelty and bewilderment as burst on him from this new world of life—this glitter and glow of a city.

Three or four days were spent in walking to and fro, without thought of the future, so great was the novelty of all he saw, and it was only when he felt in his pocket, and found that an end to his money must soon come, that he set about inquiring for something to do. Small are the chances for something to do in a great city, where one has no friends, and every one goes swiftly by, caring not, it would seem, who pleads in, or hinders his way. Stuart found it so, but he did not despair, for he thought a willing mind and ready hands could find work, even if they had to go further into the world, or out before the mast, on the blue ocean.

Full of the idea of becoming from necessity, and for a time only, a sailor, he was one morning walking down Wall street—a wicked place enough, but not given entirely to Mammon—dressed in an antique suit of “sheep's grey,” even to cap and cloak, making a figure to stare at, when he felt his progress arrested by a hand laid lightly on his shoulder. Looking up he beheld a tall, noble featured man, who accosted him with “Well, my young man, what are you looking for?” Taking his questioner for some minister of providence, Stuart replied that he was “looking for employment.” The stranger smiled, and said, “You are from the country, I reckon.” “Yes,” was the response. “What is your name, and where do you come from?” followed in quick succession, and Stuart's answers elicited the fact that his country home was not far from a country residence belonging to this gentle-

man, and still more, that this gentleman had read and treasured up a description of his country seat written some years before by Stuart, to a paper of the county in which he lived.

More explanations followed, and ended in the gentleman's sending for a cab to convey Stuart's things from cheap lodgings in William street, (the cottage) to a splendid house in — street, where the wandering but hopeful poet, was made free to a bed of the softest down; board composed of all luscious things, and reading, such as country libraries had never unfolded to him. His home was found, and sure, and right-noble, until such times as his benefactor, one of the first merchants, and noblest men of New York, or in the world, could find somewhat for his hands and head to do. Was not all this grand and beautiful for a denizen of a great, busy, and selfish city, to do for a poor, wayfaring stranger. Was it not a better deed than has crowned many a mission with fame. We hold it so, and to that man who took the boy Stuart by the hand, and directed and cheered him on the way that has since led him to enviable prosperity and fame, as a man we accord a praise deep as it is sincere. We had rather such an act were recorded of our life, than to win a regal coronet. That man was DUNCAN C. PELL, a name eminent among the merchants and citizens of New York, and the country seat, which was so strangely the cause of awakening his sympathies toward the poet, is the fort and battle ground of Ticonderoga.

A few day's search by Mr. Pell, secured Stuart a position as salesman and book-keeper in the commercial house of Francis Copeutt, with whom he remained pleasantly and profitably two years, sending a portion of his earnings to his mother, whose life and joy entered so deeply into his own. During this time, his mind had not been idle. Joined to a literary club, to which Mr. Greeley and others of celebrity were attached, he went on steadily developing his powers, contributing here and there a waif of poetry or prose to the press.

After trying the "mahogany trade" for two years, he came to the conclusion that the business did not meet his sympathies—although Mr. Pell had promised to "set him up" in it, if he would stick to it—and he determined that he would not take up a trade for life that he could not sympathise with. So he left it, and as the pastime of a few weeks leisure, wrote and published the volume of poetry, to which we have alluded, of some three hundred pages. It was a hasty, and perhaps a foolish idea, but the book gave token of a power to do more creditable things. The press noticed it with favor, though the author was personally unknown to a single member of the press, save Horace Greeley. Directly upon this he set himself to the study of Theology, under charge of Thomas J. Sawyer (Universalist) but before two years had expired, he found his analyzing and critical mind, combatting the most sacred dogmas of the "fathers" and it was concluded by both the pastor and his pupil that Stuart had mistaken his profession.

So he left Theology, and entered into the employment of P. T. Barnum, the great show-man, and museum regenerator, in whose service he travelled over the Union, to the West Indies, Mexico, and Texas, and finally went to Europe on an exhibition speculation. Soon after arriving in England this speculation gave out, and desiring to see somewhat of Great Britain and the continent, Stuart spent a year, visiting the most interesting portions of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, taking a hasty peep at Waterloo. In the meantime, he kept up a correspondence with the New York Sun, Tribune, and a religious, and a scientific journal of New York.

Some time before leaving Europe, he was invited to return and take the first editorial chair of the New York Sun, then filled by the Nestor of the American press, Major Noah. He did return, but it was only after much entreaty, that he entered, with great diffidence, on this new field of labor. For three years past, Mr. Stuart has been the principal Editor of the Sun, and if our own ob-

ervation and common report be any criterion, that Journal has undergone a great and desirable change. Mr. Stuart's pen, as an Editor, never flags—sometimes rhapsodic, as the poetical and enthusiastic mind will be, his writings are always earnest and vigorous, and often sublime. The actual and the abstract—fact and philosophy, are equally his servitors. He writes with great rapidity, and fortified with extensive reading and observation, his mind naturally felicitous of expression, pours forth its volume of thought, like an exhaustless river, now deep and calm, now playful and sparkling, his prose always lightened up with poetical imagery.

But the Sun has not alone employed his mind. He has within three years written some noble articles for the Quarterly and Monthly Magazines—the "Nineteenth Century" and the "Knickerbocker"—and not a few stirring ballads and lyrics, principally in the New York Tribune. It is said that when a man has worked his way to a certain height, he keeps on thereafter without much effort, from the impetus of past motion. So it has been with Stuart. Struggling for a time with the world, he has at length emerged into the light of a brighter day, and instead of seeking place, it now comes to him. His pen can find ready and well remunerated employment. As a reward for labors in the political field in past years, he holds a lucrative post under the General Government, and instead of toiling for four dollars per week, as during his first two years in New York, earns with less labor, some thousands per year. But he deserves it all, and a hundred fold more. For eight years past, he has been the head and supporter of a family, comprising his mother, three sisters, and two brothers, one of them an invalid, during the whole period.

Four years ago he brought this family to the City of New York, that he might live in the enjoyment of a home with his nearest and dearest kindred. It was a hazardous undertaking for a young man dependent on a salary and the chances of employment, but

he entered upon it with a faith which providence has ever blessed. We have heard him say, that to comfort and cheer his mother in her declining days by surrounding her with her children, has been the deepest stimulus and joy of his life, and that his inward peace and wealth, derived from this labor of love, has been surpassing great. His mother is dead—within a few months past—and two sisters are happily married. Still he keeps his household, and bends his energies to the guidance and blessing of a younger brother and sister.

We once asked him why he did not marry, his reply was, that his mother and sisters demanded his whole heart and brain. Surrounded by books, and works of art, in which he delights—and occupied in his leisure hours with the study of music and languages, and the composition of poetry and essays,—he seems to have no room for a wife, but is rather wedded to his own thoughts. We might add to the picture *ad infinitum*, but in the end we should give but an imperfect idea of the man. The history of Carlos D. Stuart, for twenty-eight years, is the history of a generous heart and strong mind, struggling against obstacles, which would have crushed any ordinary spirit, until the rugged height of fortune and fame is near and open to his grasp. His aids have all been inward, and his life has pushed itself out against every barrier. Frank and ingenuous, he has attached to himself a choice and scorning the too common tricks of notoriety seekers, of the literary class, he has honestly made a substantial reputation, which none who know, and appreciate what he has done and what he is capable of doing, can gainsay.

A man of so earnest and radical a mind, as Stuart possesses, can never be the servant of a dogmatic party or creed. He thinks for himself, and speaks for himself, and should he live to do all we could wish of him, he will yet give the world a digested and worthy token of his mental power. A reformer and philosopher, in his ideas, and a poet in his

impulses and expression, he cannot shut up the fountain welling in him, but must one day let it out in an irrigating flood.

We have gone further perhaps in our sketch, than is justifiable, and further than the subject of it may like, but we believe nothing in the life and character of a man who battles his way to eminence alone, and against adversity, can be without interest or encouragement, to all who know it. We have only confusedly described Mr. Stuart, as we have seen him, and learned of him from others, more intimate in his acquaintance. We may read never so much of a man, and yet know little of him until we study him through direct personal acquaintance. Stuart needs to be thus studied. His character unfolds by degrees, never flashing out full, and on a sudden. His strength is of the growing kind, putting forth new symbols every day. We had thought to copy a specimen of his poetry and prose, as some what indexing his peculiarities of mind. But he has written so much, on so many subjects, and in so many veins, that we halt between our preferences, now thinking this thing the best, and now choosing that. We will at a venture copy this little lyric from a late number of the Nineteenth Century. It is the vein of a noble thoughted class of his poems:

SONG OF THE CAPTIVE.

O, Liberty! I wait for thee
To break this chain and dungeon-bar;
I hear thy spirit calling me,
Deep in the frozen north afar,
With voice like God's, and visage like a star!

Long cradled by the mountain-wind,
Thy mate the eagle and the storm,
Arise! and from thy brow unbind
The wreath that gives it starry form,
And smite the strength that would thy strength deform!

Yet, Liberty! thy dawning light,
Obscured by dungeon-bars, shall cast
A splendor on the breaking night,
And tyrants, flying pale and fast,
Shall tremble at thy gaze, and stand aghast!

We give another specimen, in the shape of a ballad, which has been adapted to music

in various parts of the Union, as have many other of his ballads.

GENTLE WORDS.

A young rose, in the summer time,
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea,
But gentle words, and loving smiles,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers,
Or stars that ever shone.

The sun may warm the grass to life,
The dew the drooping flower,
And eyes grow bright, that watch the light
Of autumn's opening hour;
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And hearts we know are true,
Are warmer than the summer time,
And brighter than the dew.

It is not much the world can give
With all its subtle art,
And gold, and gems, are not the things
To satisfy the heart;
But, O, if those who cluster round
The altar, and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth.

As a specimen of his prose, we refer our readers to his "Letters from Europe," and several Essays on Art, published, and now publishing, in this Journal; though, had we space, we might furnish such as would more happily show his vigor and clearness of style and thought. But it should be remembered that whatever he achieves now, comes from his thought, hastily collected under the pressure of the heavy labors devolving on the Editor of a paper, which flows out in long columns, daily. We will close our brief biography of one of the self-made men of the Nineteenth Century. If Mr. Stuart lives, he will make himself widely enough known by his deeds, without our presuming to draw his portrait in the future. He stands now, a noble example for the study and emulation of others, who would faint in the great battle of life. The engraving of Stuart's face, which we have presented to our readers is from a picture by Wm. Walcott, a distinguished artist, and fine poet, resident in the city of New York.

AN HYMN OF THE TRANSITION AGE.

[EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.]

BY THOMAS L. HARRIS.

I.

Ope, Tyrants! ope the gates of hell again:
Bid War and Pestilence ride darkly forth:
Stain with her children's blood the shuddering Earth:
Man's universal heart transfix with pain:
Loose from the Northern hills
The huge, Barbarian avalanche; and cast
Pale Famine's gathered ills,
Like winter on the blast:
Crush beneath Atalantean loads of wrong,
The Poor, lest they should rise:
Strengthen with arms, and gold, and buttress strong,
Your crumbling Anarchies:
Pierce, with the blinding spear, Thought's sun-like eyes,
Lest Men should see the heavens o'erflow with light:
Drown with shrill, clamorous lies,
The harmonies of Love, the Archangel trump of Right:
Lift, if ye dare, the awful Cross on high,
And crucify HUMANITY thereon;
While an unnatural gloom usurps the sky,
And the dead Past comes forth and reigns—like Death alone.
Do—but do all in vain.
The avalanche and the rain
Quicken the buds of Life that sleep in earth.
Humanity shall rise!
Swift lightnings pierce the skies,
The last long Sabbath Morn of Time come forth.
Humanity shall rise and live forever,
Throned in the might of its sublime endeavor,
Divine, harmonious, free, in glorious spirit-birth!

II.

What am I, a frail reed,
Drooping beside the sounding sea of Time,
That I should strive to cheer Earth's hour of need,
With Prophecy sublime?—
I speak not, of myself, with labored rhyme,
Striving to win a crown of fading bays,—
The faint, far echo of a Voice Divine,
Whose Presence overmasters me, I raise
A hymn, a vision see, sealed up for many days.
God made his Prophets Poets in the Past,

Foretelling harmony with voice and lyre ;
 He makes his Poets Prophets now at last,
 Pours the bright Future o'er their lips of fire ;
 Making the Soul His trumpet voice to break
 The ancient Night with swift, electric breath,
 To scatter hopes like morning stars, and wake
 Humanity from death.
 Put off the sandals of thy base desire ;
 Arouse thy heart to feel, thy eyes to see ;
 In worship bow, in holiest faith aspire
 From the dim time-world silently retire,
 Then learn what is, then know what Heaven hath willed to be !

III.

We rise—up-borne by flame-like inspirations.
 The body, fading cloud, beneath us dies.
 Sphered Continents of Light, divine Creations,
 Homes of the Immortal on the vision rise.
 We hail from far the beatific Nations.
 We stand among the ancestral generations,
 The People of the Skies !
 Below the Earth, through golden exhalations,
 Glows like an Isle in some far Indian sea.
 Splendors and Loves, and calm Transfigurations,
 Rulers of Heaven's divine Humanity.
 O'er each Hesperian height,
 Lead in harmonious march the Immortal Sons of Light.
 They call, they call, from far !
 Each like a spheréd star !
 Let us go up and join the array of these,
 "The Cloud of Witnesses."
 Called from Heaven's wide extremes, they go
 Up to its inmost shrine ; their faces glow
 With hope for Earth, now crushed beneath its last great Wo.

IV.

Lo ! the great Temple, burning from afar,
 As if in every ray was fused a star ;
 As if the sunrise in its glorious dome
 Was born, and made its sempiternal home !
 It is the Temple of the Ages, wrought
 With traceried sculptures of Immortal Thought.
 'Tis the Shekinah, shadowing forth to view,
 The Infinite Beautiful, and Good, and True !
 There reign, in mild supremacy of love,
 Th' Hierarchal Rulers of the realms above.
 There in the calm divine of peace, await
 The mighty Angels of delivering Fate,
 Till the GREAT HOUR shall lead them radiant forth,
 To ope the gates of Morning on the Earth.
 Banner and crest droop low ! We enter there

And pause entranced like flames that rest in purple air.

V.

The mortal History of immortal Man,
 Shines, pictured on that time-revealing dome.
 Each glorious Spirit, who since life began,
 Hath poured out thought or blood to rear a home
 For Earth's fraternal Peoples, and to span
 The Race with Freedom's sun-bow, hath a throne
 'Neath that far shining arch, and sits serene thereon!
 Angels of Light! they rest, entranced in vision,
 Fronting the Infinite with god-like eyes.
 Angels of Beauty! picturing the elysian
 Repose and peace of new eternities.
 Angels of Harmony! in whose high cadence,
 Heaven's mystic music finds a living voice.
 Angels of Gladness! lifting urns of fragrance,
 Saying, oh, blessed ones, rejoice, rejoice!
 Angels of Worship! who, in pure communion
 Of love and wisdom, silently adore.
 Angels of Strength! majestic in their union,
 With Infinite Will: thus mighty evermore.
 Poet, and Saint, and Sage, who patient bore
 The cross, and drank the cup of deadly pain;
 Who left their words and works upon the shore
 Of Earth when they ascended;—like a rain
 Of lightnings,—like an earthquake,—like a strain
 Of seraph music,—like a prophecy,—
 Man's fettered mind and heart to thrill, inspire, and free.
 There wait they, consecrate, serene, divine,
 The dawning of the New Earth's Eden time,
 In mild omnipotence of virtue strong,
 With silent prayer up lift, "How long, O, Lord! how long!"

VI.

A voice—a silence—then a rushing blast—
 The invisible PRESENCE of the GODHEAD passed,
 And on that Angel Host its Inspiration cast.
 * * * * *
 The enchanted calm is rended,
 The morning has began,
 The Night of Wrong is ended,
 And Peace descends to dwell with mortal Man.
 Hear the departing Hymn.
 Henceforth the Seraphim
 Shall dwell with Man, on Earth's love-blossomed shore;
 And Man, with spirit eyes,
 Shall see the eternal skies
 Ope to his longing heart, and close again no more!

THE PHASE OF THE AGE.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

SETTING aside the question, "is it productive of the happiest results?" we must regard the age in which we live as the most remarkable in the history of the world. The best practical philosophers, and keenest scrutinizers of the times, are completely nonplused as to a proper name by which to annal-ize it. The Golden, Iron, Pastoral, and Dark ages, are applied to eras that were soluble—eras distinctly featured by some single, rare peculiarity; but ours has no such. It is a chameleon. We must not call it the progressive age; that would imply that all before it had stood stock still; neither the suggestive, inventive, or diffusive age; these are too weak. They do not embrace the whole spirit of the times.

I look on this as the transition age. We were yesterday in crysalis; we are to-day a butterfly; and what we shall be to-morrow is a yet enfolded secret. So rapid and startling are the changes, that there is no longer any fixed science. We scarcely wait to let an invention, or discovery, cool, before it is tossed into the alembic tester, and new, and more radiant shapes and colors, are created to it. The perfect ore, and heat-resisting gems are found by our new blasts soluble as wax, as drossy as native dirt. Well may the miser tremble for his coins, lest by some rare turn up, they are spirited away from his iron chests, or found base and counterfeit.

"Touch and take;" there is no other safe motto. If we wait to consider, or reflect, the straight stick has become crooked. Every day we make application of that wise old fable; and if we were but half as wise, we should never venture beyond the edge of the forest.

Not only domestic utensils, the corn-mortars, and wooden ploughs; but the spirits of law, logic, philosophy, and religion, shift

their phases, almost as suddenly and mechanically as post-coach systems. We learn to feel and think mercurially; and our thermometer is, "what's the news?" On that hangs the rope at whose end we all dangle. That is the pivot, or fulcrum, with which, and a proper lever, Archimedes would have overturned the world. It matters little that he died young—young, I mean, in the ages—his levers and capstans, his wedges and screws, have found an improver; and the world in which he lived is thoroughly enough overturned.

They were wonderful toils, those of Hercules; but he wrought only with his hands—with human physical force—against lions, and monster hydras. We kill off all that brood sitting in the easiest patent chair. Hercules lived and died—safely for his fame. Our age prophecied by Sir Thomas Moore, would have transcended Utopia itself. Fictions in the brain of mad men and visionary poets, are statistical compared with our array of facts. The Enchanted valleys of Rabelais, with aëreal bucentaurs, carrying peasants suddenly transformed to kings, have found a resting place, and are no longer night-mare of the pleasantest kind, nor idle day dreams. On our broad republican soil we are all kings, crowned by God, and in the main invested alike. Who that lives with his eyes open, and a score of years, has not seen the air cleft, as though it were thick, palpable like a sea?

Yes; the news is our pivot—a weekly balance sheet in every man's hands, determines what shall be his next step. To the right or left is a chance while we are on one leg. We sleep and wake, scarce knowing whether the starry heavens have not shifted altitude. We are like a traveller, if not with pouch full of bread and cheese, yet

with enough habitment to shift from one day's train to another; and our lives are as various of incident, as though we were on busy, swift wheels.

Where is the everlasting dye tub, that was set in the chimney corner, in those quaint days, when Scripture was all rendered literal, maids were all maids, until marriage, and young men boasted not of their licentiousness. Where are those hazy, lazy, midsummer ages, when the world went back to count its own steps in the sand, and to see if they were all precisely alike; for to have made one awry mark, were sign-potent of the Evil One. Days of steady, plodding toil, and nights of sweet rest, when faith was handed down from father to son, and reverence was a thing begotten of, and established by, undoubted, and invulnerable oracles; where are ye with your psalms and canticles, your sabots and doublets, your stern, fixed, and changeless honors?

The times are an imperious tailor, shifting their cut and fit oftener than the approved Paris fashions. An idea must be embraced while it is fresh and warm—a theory pursued in its bud—an invention swallowed and digested at once, or it is of no avail. As well lay by your new clothes for the moths, as wait to enjoy these, our times. Fifty-seven patent washing machines registered at *Washington*; the last the best, and utterly annihilating its predecessors, ought to open the practical eyes of any man. To each one a day. Never heed the waste of thrift. What we lose, the active, inventive brain, and all those hands, full of saws, chisels, and mallets, shall gain. We must play into each other's hands; and the only true sign of extra skill, which is merit, and fortune, and place, is to throw our ball harder, and surer, than any other man.

Nor is the age unpractical, though it change colors like the prism. It consults man; or rather, in it, man consults himself, and we see now, what has never before been seen, humanity turned agrarian, and lifting itself, as it were by its waistbands, clean up out of its old condition.

Never were men so necessary one to another as now, when all are becoming measurably equal, and alike. There must be reciprocity of service, kindness, trust, and faith, or nobody is treated well, trusted, or served. In this strange and tremendous transition, the great injustice and tyrannies of characters, and castes, are swept, unregretted, thank Heaven, into an oblivious tide. "If you please," is the mollified tone of the old "go; and do." How soft and subdued the once haughty tone that made *common* men tremble. The mountain peril that stalked up, grim and dark, before the least betrayal of unwilling obedience, has dwindled to a sand-hill, over which little boys fly kites, and hunt summer swallows.

Even the boor's face is not so stocky and stupid, as of old. It lights up with a dim consciousness, that he, too, has more than a treadmill-machine-ic part to play, in the curtain-tending of this world-moving tableau. The silliest fool cannot live among wise men, nor the rudest soul walk among flowers, continually, without learning some cant phrases, and names—without perceiving, if but through the eyes of others, their worth and beauty. In past times wise conferences were held aloof from diggers and delvers; these images of grace and beauty, whether of art or nature, still likened unto flowers, were carefully walled in from vulgar eyes, by those jailor monks, whose cowls were not blacker than their scowls! Now the garden plot is spread too wide, the aromatic odors leap over tyrannic bounds, and the roll of the curtain requires too many hands and eyes, to keep the heavenly secret of "good things enough for all," any longer pent up. The granaries of corn, the peach laden trees, the vines and flowers climbing over the walls, discover themselves in the name of God, common blessings! Musty tomes full of rapt visions of ancient prophets and bards, sitting in soul close by the celestial gates, repeating songs of diviner life heard through the loops of angel-dom—dance down from their thrones of dust, flinging wide their barbaric clasps, fetters of knowledge—and

gladden a world-wide multitude of hungry, and thirsting hearts.

There are no longer any *common men*. "That fellow," is an obsolete term; while fools, clowns, servants, and slaves, are pensioned with the real or honorary titles of *men*. As sad as the change must be, and is, for those who have kept the world's guardianship so long, yet great is the joy of the freed, and new-breathing millions, who, while they bowed down, made little or no complaint. We have the elements now at *our* will. The wind cannot stay us, nor the sea; the air yields to our tread, and the mountains melt and whirl at our command. Our feet are iron; our hands are steel; our breath is steam, and our brain lightning. If we make not the earth a servant, as she has made us slaves, it is not from want of guiding reins, nor whip, nor spurs.

And yet with all our gigantic might, we cannot build the towers, temples, and pyramids of the ancient time. And why? Because ours is the practical, as well as the

transition age—an age in which man considers *himself*. There are no longer "hewers of wood and drawers of water," to upheave the colossal walls, for a penny a day—as when St. Paul's rose into a wondrous, and age-enduring monument. No longer are there men to fatten deserts with their blood, that tyrants may be deified, in Ammon! And what is to be the climax, with this our ascending scale, shall puzzle sight-seers, with keener eyes than watch the heavens for twinkling stars. The Earth, once subdued, its mountains cast down, and waste places lifted up, as there is in our means of appliance, more than visionary promise—and there is only left the law of kindness to be enforced—to link hearth to hearth—hamlet to hamlet—nation to nation—until the Eden of Nature is restored. Beautiful age this of transition—leaving no stone unturned—no bitterness unarbitrated—no feud hopeless—but all bright, smiling, ominous of a true millennium for mankind.

GONE HOME.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

He has gone to his home—for the eventide
Is come, and his toils are o'er;

He has gone where his Mary and babes abide,
And he never will leave them more.

He has gone to his home—for the climbing vines
In clustering fruits abound;

He has tied for the tendrils their guiding lines,
And the scions are pruned around.

He has gone to his home—for within the fold,
The flock of his kindly care,

He has safely closed, and a stone has rolled,
That the wolves may not enter there.

He has gone like a warrior from the field,
Where he fought the good fight, unslain;

And the mighty sword he was wont to wield,
Is asleep in its sheath again.

He has gone to his home—for the race is run,
And the wreath is around his brow;
For the angels saw when the prize was won,
And they greet him in heaven now.

He has gone to the Rest of the righteous dead,
And sweetly shall he repose,
Till the Day shall dawn on his peaceful bed,
That never shall know a close.

He has gone to his home—for the eventide
Is come, and his toils are o'er;
He has gone where his Mary and babes abide,
And he never will leave them more.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

• **THOUGH** too late in the season to enjoy the full beauty of English country scenes, I have found, since leaving the city, plenty to delight the eye, and busy the heart. Since the railroad has superseded the post-coach, we must be content with a glance, instead of the old ingratiating that blessed the traveler. The mile stones and sentries, fly past, as with the rapidity of lightning, and look like monuments, and admonitory processions, to the memory of the past. The true lover of Nature cannot but regret the change, however subservient to the commercial and money-making genius of the age! To be obliged to catch one's breath, when he seeks a little fresh air by means of paper tunnels and ventilators, or a glimpse of the hills and dales by a double concentrating glass, is enough either to disgust one with the celerity of the times, or harden him to all the finer impressions of the beautiful.—Even now, cold and gray as the clouds lie hovering on the mountain tops, and yellow as the leaves glimmer in the glow of the autumn Sun, with all our speed, rattle of wheels, and roar of steam, I feel it an immeasurable relief to shut my eyes, and turn my back on the metropolis.

Ding! dong! And away we go over green field and moor, rousing a thousand echoes from the hollows and hills, scaring from copse and hedge the fleet rabbit, and innumerable song birds. Twenty miles from London, chequered the whole way with cottages, which, with their lawns, and shrubs, and flowers, may be seen, but never pictured, and, parks embosoming splendid old mansions, which have an air of generous plenty. Windsor Castle lifts its turrets in the distance. Though the stretch of fields between it and our track gives a mellow haze to the hill-throned towers, that are hoary with years,

as they are famous in history, they lose none of their gigantic proportions. It is little that the presence of royal pomp can add to that proud structure. Enough that in those days of tilts and processions, which Froissart has somewhat chronicled—days of Richards and Elizabeths, the Henrys and Johns, and that cavalier group whose helmets hung glistening in museums, and baronial halls—the “Merry Wives” dancing in the greenwood, perchance by moonlight, found a historian, and bard, in Shakspeare. The noble Oak that sheltered and shadowed the poet, whose soul went out in such glorious visions, and fancies, still quivers its leaves to the wind, and stretches its old half bare arms toward the sky. Few are the rude hands that would dare profane the rarest monument of those matchless parks, and grand old forests. Yet there are some, like the Vandals, who break noses and fingers from statues, for specimens of marble; and pluck flowers from a path where all passers might be gladdened, to hold a few withered leaves—and for these the decaying Oak is guarded by iron barriers. Would that Shakspeare had written against all that he has made immortal, some spell, or incantation, strong as that which guards his dust at Stratford.

But on we fly; castle and forest whirl backward against the morning sky, lessening down like the last tints of a dissolving view, which still casts its shadow on the obtruding scenes. Adieu, Spirit of Falstaff; your round cheek, and crumpled horns, will find no inheritor, until that blessed age when new Shakspeares rise to gladden men's hearts, and make eras, that, I wot, will never come.

Thirty-six miles more are passed—miles lined with hamlets, and shorn harvest fields,

with here and there fragments of priories and cloisters, ruined and dumb, yet eloquent of days, woo us through antique lips with mighty histories—Cathedrals, gray and uninviting as the creeds and charities they dispense—and light cheerful temples of modern times, whose spires are as much more graceful than the Norman Gothic, as our spirits of the Age are kinder, and more beautiful than theirs. And here I am at the period of my first day's ride, at the neat town of Abingdon.

THE ENCHANTED.

BY FANNY GREEN.

When the great aviary at Williamsburgh was burnt, the Canary Birds, as they were set free, darted into the air; but fascinated by the glare of the flames, hovered above them, until, one by one, they fell—and perished.

Heaving like a troubled ocean,
Spreads the all-devouring fire;
Waving—flaming—every motion
Shadowing forth its awful ire!

Tenants of the wiry prison
Spread abroad their wings of gold;
In their freedom they have risen,
But they're shuddering with the cold!

Ah, their nature has the yearning
Of their ardent Mother-Isles;
To the flames they all are turning,
Fascinated by their smiles.

While the cold air falls like icing
From the Arctic Spirit's bower,
Rosy fingers are enticing
With a strange magnetic power!

Rose-lips from the flames are calling—
Answer they in thrilling notes—
And amid the scene appalling,
One sweet strain of music floats!

Now to their entranc-ed vision
Bowers of beauty open fair,
While through all those vales elysian,
Streams the radiant, purple air!

Now in lessening circles, nearer—
Nearer; nearer!—to the fire;
Every moment brighter, dearer,
Glowes their gorgeous funeral pyre!

With intense but frantic gladness,
To the crimson folds they fly!
Victims of delicious madness,
In an ecstasy they die!

Thus, O, thus! the heart of feeling,
In its first young freedom flies,
All its sweet, fond hopes revealing,
Golden-pinioned, to the skies!

But it meets the world's cold breathing,
And it turns in wild alarm,
To where Passion's fires are wreathing,
With a bright, bewildering charm.

Over them, as if forever,
Love has set his irised bow,
While our fond faith dreams that never
Change, or fading, it shall know!

Then we rush—how fondly—blindly—
Some fair Syren to embrace;
But the smiles that woke so kindly,
Prints of ruin only trace!

Mid consuming hopes we perish,
Nerved by our blind passion's Will;
Fire-tongues mock us, while we cherish
Our death-barbed illusion still!

Even Friendship's gentler beaming
Has an Ætna underneath;
But the deep faith of our dreaming
Only light and glory seeth!

We may trust, O, how sincerely!
But our tortured hearts shall know
All we prized and loved most dearly,
With the fires of Falsehood glow!

Vain is every fond endeavor;
Love, or Friendship, cannot last—
We must make our home forever,
Mid the Ashes of the Past!—

ARTS.

ORIGIN, PROGRESS, AND INFLUENCE OF ART.

BY PROFESSOR OLDBOROUGH.

THE FIRST NAVIGATOR.

On one side of a creek, a branch of the river Ibrahim, which made up into a deep gorge of the Libanus mountains, near the northern boundary of ancient Phœnicia, dwelt Ephron, a young man of the family of Lamech; and on the opposite shore was the abode of the young Zeirah, a daughter of the same house. The water spread out into a broad smooth sheet, more than a mile in width. It nestled in the deep valley, quietly and lovingly, like those placid people who frequently stand in the way, smiling all the while, and never dreaming of annoyance, while such, in fact, they are. And so was the thoughtless little lake that lay between the habitations of young Ephron and Zeirah.

They could see each other, indeed, from the heights on the opposite shores; and they had become learned in the language of signals. But that would not always suffice; for the mutual attraction was so strong, that they were frequently drawn to a meeting, which could occur only by a long and arduous journey around the headlands of at least twelve stadia, over a rough and precipitous shore. Yet it was surprising to see how often they met, and how frequently messages were sent from the house of Obel to that of Micha—of which Ephron was sure to be the bearer.

But more serious obstacles than that of the natural barrier I have mentioned, arose, to mar the pleasantness of these occasional interviews. Micha was a person of cold, calculating habits, and character. He had no conception of any higher excellence than he could see developed in mere physical

force. In short, the intimacy which he perceived growing between the young people, was not at all to his liking. Ephron was a youth of remarkably quiet and retiring habits, gentle and thoughtful, with just such a face, and expression, as we should now say characterize genius. But alas for those simple days! if genius ever appeared among them, it was with a comet-like suddenness and splendor; for it was never anticipated or foreknown, since all its specific signs were as much a dead letter, as the alphabet which yet slumbered in the future—an undeveloped germ, in the unborn soul of Cadmus.

Poor Ephron was neither remarkable for feats of agility, nor strength. He had never graced the entrance of his father's tent with the horns of buffalo, or stag; nor had he laid the trophy of a bear or lion skin at the feet of his mistress. He brought her only shells and flowers. He took little pleasure in those pursuits which mostly engaged the attention of other young men of his age, and in which Keder, the son of Nebo, bore off almost every palm. And he too, was a lover of Zeirah, and a candidate for her hand.

Often had the all-important question thrilled in the soul, and quivered on the lips of the gentle and modest Ephron; but the sternness of Micha crushed back the sweet hope into his heart—unspoken. This state of things could not last forever; and at length a crisis was provoked.

A peculiarly savage and voracious female wolf, had ravaged the folds for more than twelve moons; and what was worse, she seemed to train her continually increasing

progeny, to her own peculiar cunning and daring ; until, at length, the nuisance became intolerable. But no means of defense or attack appeared of any avail against the cunning and ferocity of their savage enemy, who, with her gaunt offspring, appeared alike insatiable, and invulnerable. Large rewards, and the highest honors, had been offered to any one who might either capture, or slay the monster ; but as yet she had continued both to defy death, and elude arrest, until at last, emboldened by continual triumph, she carried her forces into the very heart of the colony ; and the flocks of Micha became the peculiar object of her depredations.

Now was the time for Keder. He sallied forth, and, after repeated efforts, the Enemy was slain ; and her savage frontlet was laid at the feet of the delighted Micha. Thus was the victor entitled, by virtue of his prowess, to name his own reward. He claimed the fairest maiden of his tribe ; and who was so fair as the beautiful Zeirah, the Light and Flower of the valley ? Regardless alike of her prayers and entreaties, her stern father bade her instantly prepare to grace the tent of Keder on the next day, when he was to receive a civic crown, and a public feast, to commemorate his heroic deed.

Ephron saw all this from the opposite shore. He saw the beloved of his soul led away, a helpless and unresisting victim ; and he understood, but too well, the spirit and meaning of the pantomime. Nor was Zeirah all this time unconscious of his observation. She knew that he was there. She saw him. Making a signal which he well understood as an assurance of her faith, she took a small shell and a bunch of withered flowers—his last gift of love—from her bosom—pressed them to her lips—bathed them with her tears—and then, with an expressive gesture, pointed toward the East, motioning with her hand that he should keep himself quiet, and silent. All this he understood ; and he was comforted ; for her gesture had assured him that she would seek refuge with an aged woman, who dwelt in a cave in a secluded nook of the distant mountains, where they

had often met, and plighted their vows to each other.

A new ambition was roused in the heart of Ephron. He, also, would do something to make his life memorable. He would wreath his name with honors, and become worthy of the love, which, under the most trying circumstances, had renewed its pledge. Providence, or fortune, favored his determination. He had not, hitherto, been idle, although he had appeared so ; for he had been studying some mode of navigation, which had, for its first object, a passage over the waters that lay between him and Zeirah.—This idea was renewed ; and by a sudden concentration of thought, new possibilities were unfolded to his mind. As he lay thus studying, he was roused from his reverie, by a light skipping of tiny feet on the dry leaves and stubble ; and presently a troop of squirrels, which had been attracted to the mountains by the fruit of the numerous walnut and live oak trees that grew there, appeared on the bank near him. For some time they seemed in great consternation, chattering, and moving about in a lively and expressive manner. But an old patriarch who, by virtue of his gray hairs, claimed authority and precedence, sought from among the dry branches that strewed the ground, a cylinder of bark. He divided it with his teeth, and laid it on the water ; and while it balanced there, sprang on to it. The others quickly followed his example ; and erecting their tails to the wind, they all set sail, as brave a little galleon as ever dared the seas. Ephron sprang to his feet, and shouted, till the old woods of Lebanon gave back his triumphant cry in a thousand echoes. These simple, untaught animals had demonstrated his idea. He saw that it was practicable.

That night, he and Zeirah met in the cave of the ancient hermitess ; for she had found means to escape from a fate more terrible than death. They comforted and reassured each other ; and then bade adieu until their hopes should undergo the final test.

In the mean time Zeirah was nowhere to be found. All search was vain. Keder wore

his honors alone, while the heart-stricken Micha, overwhelmed by the loss of his favorite child, would have been ready to yield her, even to the weak arms of the despised Ephron, if he could but once more have been blessed by the serene light of her gentle and loving eyes; for beneath all his ambition, and all his coldness, he *had* a heart: and his daughter was the concentration of every thing that was lovely and precious to him. Again, and again, he vowed that if she would only return, he would not attempt to restrict her in her choice; and by a strange perversity of feeling, Keder, whom he associated with the loss of his child, became the object of his signal aversion and hatred, as he well knew he had always been to his daughter.

And Ephron with such an impulse to prompt the ready thought, and nerve the facile hand—what might not be expected from him? Scarce had three moons from the disappearance of Zeirah, waxed and waned, when a summons for convening all the tribes with invitations to a great feast, was issued by the good patriarch, Obel, the father of Ephron.

Never did a clearer light beam through the dim old shadows of those venerable mountains, than shone forth on the assembled multitudes, who were gathered to the head of the valley, that over looked a clear expanse of the Ibrahim.

A deep mystery hung over the scene. No one knew why they were summoned, but they all felt that something eventful was impending. The most voluble women kept an unusual silence; and even little children, who are always so ready to catch the spirit of things, spoke to each other with hushed voices.

On a height, in the midst of all, sat Obel, with the heart-stricken Micha by his side. "Behold, my brother," said the former, laying his hand on the trembling arm of his venerable friend, "shall we not, henceforth, be the brethren we were of old? And what

shall hinder thy house from being wedded to mine?" As he spoke he pointed to a promontory that shot out into the water, about four stadia above them. Every eye followed the motion of his hand.

Why was that unanimous shout, which roused the old voices of Lebanon, and made the waste places musical? A strange moving, life-like form appeared on the water. It rounded the promontory with a graceful curve, and shot out into the stream. It was the first vessel that ever made its advent on the waters of Earth; and though rudely fashioned, yet in its tasteful decorations of flowers, and bay leaves, and twining evergreens, that streamed gaily in the wind, it appeared to the unsophisticated spectators a miracle of art. They instinctively comprehended its use, and its future benefits. Renewed shouts roused the spirit of the most bashful echoes; and such a peal of joy and triumph burst upward from glen and valley, rolling away through the woods, and over the mountains, as then had seldom woke to celebrate any human achievement.

As it drew nearer, they beheld seated in the wondrous structure, two human forms. One of them was recognized as Ephron; but the other was closely veiled. The young voyager plied his oars manfully. He had a perfect control of his invention. After performing a variety of movements, he struck directly for the shore, and brought the flower-wreathed prow gracefully to land.

Almost frantic in his suspense between joy and fear, Micha rushed to the spot. The conflict was but momentary. Zeirah sprang lightly forth from her nest of flowers; and the next instant was in her father's arms. He staggered back with his precious burden: and clasping his aged arms around her, bathed her innocent, loving face with his hot tears.

Nor were there any there, who conceived that Ephron was unworthy of the boon he sought. And in this simple event was the initial movement of all navigation—all commerce.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

BY J. K. INGALLS.

THE employment of light as an agent in copying, or drawing, was suggested as early as the commencement of the present century, by Mr. Wedgewood, and Sir Humphrey Davy. If a piece of paper be dipped into a weak solution of nitrate of silver, and carefully dried, while excluded from the light, it retains its original color; but on exposure, gradually becomes dark, and even black. A paper thus prepared, placed behind a transparent painting, when held up to the light, would copy exactly the light and shades, yet in reversed order.

What was light on the original, will be dark on the copy, and what was dark, will be light. If this copy be now copied, it will present the same appearance as the original. But as the whole surface thus prepared would become black by subsequent exposure to the light, a wash of hyposulphate of soda is employed, which removes the unaltered nitrate, leaving the image untouched. The chloride of silver is said to be still more susceptible of the influence of light, than the mere nitrate. Many ingenious and important experiments have been made by Mr. Talbot and Sir John Herschel of England, and Mr. A. Taylor, of this country.

But it was not until Daguerre, an eminent French artist, succeeded in copying the images from the lens of the camera obscura, that this method justly took rank among the Arts. By his process the objects are lighted as in nature, and with all the sparkling variety of effect which light sheds on all terrestrial things.

With the single exception of color, these pictures mirror forth Nature, herself. The qualities of objects are clearly expressed, so that the materials of dress or ornament could not be mistaken. Where landscapes are taken, the intensity of tone in the foreground is softened by the ærial effects in the dis-

tance, and so exact is the copy that on examination by a microscope, the minutest objects appear as perfect as those of greater magnitude. Altogether the discovery may be regarded as the most important for the fine arts made in modern times.

As before stated, the Daguerreotype is taken from the image in a camera, constructed especially for this purpose. It inverts the image, however; but in portraits, this is of little consequence. In landscapes, or whenever this difficulty requires to be obviated, a mirror of *Speculum* metal is attached, which reinverts the image and makes the picture appear as in nature. In the place of paper and nitrate of silver, the silvered surface of a metallic plate is employed, covered with a film from the vapor of iodine. The process is dependent on the principle that light accelerates certain chemical changes, which is a well known fact. The plates are usually made of copper, and plated with silver on one side. This side is thoroughly polished with rotten stone, Tripoli, and buff of buck-skin; then the plate is introduced over a bath of dry iodine, from which all light is excluded, for a minute or more, according to the strength of the vapor,—which is subject to variation by different temperature and other causes. It requires to be kept in contact with this vapor until it assumes a rich straw or gold color. It is then introduced over a bath, composed of a preparation of Bromine, and called "Quick Stuff," from its property of accelerating the process, where it is kept until it assumes a crimson or purple tinge. Then it is passed again over the iodine a few seconds, and immediately inclosed in a dark frame which is provided with a slide over the prepared surface, and fitted to the proper place in the camera.

The lens having first been arranged to bring the object in focus upon the place the plate is to occupy, it is then put into the camera, and the slide being withdrawn, the action begins. The sitting requires from two or three seconds to a minute, according to the quality of the lens, strength of light, and the rapidity with which the chemicals act. In taking children, it is desirable to facilitate the process as much as possible; but such rapid action is more likely to fail. When, in the estimation of the operator, the exposure has been sufficiently prolonged, the slide is replaced, the frame containing the plate taken out, and the plate itself transferred without exposure to the light, to a mercury bath, heated to 170 degrees, Fahrenheit. It is kept there a short space, when the process is complete.

Much depends on the skill with which each step is taken. If any one be omitted, or badly executed, there is no picture. Even when the picture is well taken there is danger of spoiling it, in the subsequent washing and gilding. When taken from the mercury bath, the plate is discolored with the chemicals. This is washed off with a solution of hyposulphate of soda, and afterward with distilled water. But the picture would then be erased by the slightest touch. A method of gilding has been adopted, which renders it fixed and permanent, and deepens the effect. This is done by dissolving chloride of gold in a solution of hyposulphate of soda, and covering the surface of the picture with it, while the plate is held over a spirit lamp until it approaches the boiling point. It is then washed off with distilled water, and is ready for the case.

Some operators employ a galvanic battery, and thus apply a fresh coating of silver to the plates every time they are cleaned, and immediately before coating with the chemicals. This evidently softens the picture, but, in the estimation of many, does not improve it. It is also customary to color the pictures slightly after they are gilded, though good connoisseurs do not approve of this.

The philosophy of the operation appears

to be simply, that iodine will not corrode silver readily, unless exposed to the chemical rays of light. But as any illuminated object reflects a varied degree of light from each point, or color, so the action on the plate corresponds to the amount of light thrown from the object upon it. The address to stop the operation at that point, when the strongest light has exhausted the corrosive power of the film, and the weakest has made the deepest shaded points sufficiently distinct, is especially necessary in the management of the camera. And judgment alone can avail, because all these operations must be carried on in the dark, where no eye can penetrate. But the corrosion of the metal does not make a picture. Little or nothing could be discerned by the eye after the plate is taken from the camera, until it is exposed to the mercury. The vapor of this bath combines in infinitely small particles with the corroded substance of the silver, but does not combine with the film. This gives the color of mercury, or white, to the most deeply corroded parts, and leaves the others dark.

The cheap rate at which daguerreotypes can be afforded, has made them common among all classes, and thus tended to elevate the taste of the people to a degree which never could have been done by expensive paintings or other methods of art. The discovery is to be looked on, as one of the means for promoting refinement among the masses.

The blue, violet, and red, are the principal chemical rays. Light and shade, where these colors are contrasted with green, yellow, or orange, or even white, will not appear in the picture as in the object. A person sitting for a picture with a dress where blue and white were strongly contrasted, would be surprised to find no contrast at all in the likeness, and if contrasted with orange or yellow for the lighter shade, to find the shades reversed, the light, dark, and the dark, light. For this reason clear, blue eyes appear much lighter than they really are, while olive colored appear much darker. The dress for a

sitting if any other color than black is preferred, should be chosen with reference to the complexion. Dark, or sallow complexions should have black, and if contrast is desired let it be white. Persons of clear com-

plexion may be taken in almost any color they choose, only when contrasts are sought, let the chemical rays be light, and the inactive dark; they will not then be disappointed in the results.

PRIMEVAL ARCHITECTURE.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

THE history of Architecture may be considered a history of the human mind; for in proportion as it was cultivated, men advanced from savagism to civilization. Give me the type of the dwellings, temples, or other edifices of any people, and I will give you the character of their genius, their manners, and their mental power.

In the antediluvian ages, Architecture could not have been much cultivated as a fine art; for in those primitive times, men fed on the spontaneous fruits of the earth, and sheltered themselves in caves. The principal employment of the ancient heroes consisted of the chase, and other means of providing food and clothing; while Fishing, Hunting, the care of their flock, and, by another step, the cultivation of the soil, were the professions of those sylvan kings.—Cooking, washing, spinning, weaving, and making garments, were duties not unworthy the fair hands of princesses and queens.

The earliest record of monumental architecture, is that furnished by Josephus, who tells us that the children of Seth erected two pillars, one of brick, and the other of stone, on which were engraved the principles of Astronomy. It is difficult, however, to believe that so high a degree of civilization should have existed at that early period; and it may be that by the children of Seth was intended the descendants, or posterity of Seth; otherwise the account would seem rather apocryphal.

Immediately after the flood, as we read in the Mosaic history, the families of Noah, having prostrated themselves in adoration before the August Being, who had preserved them in such a wonderful manner, erected

an altar of unhewn stones, on which they offered a sacrifice. This is the earliest instance of a postdiluvian monument recorded. About a century and a half after this event, the people of the earth, having increased mightily, and being acquainted with few of the arts known to later times, as means of living, were obliged to disperse themselves, in order that each family, or section, might have a wider range, without interfering with the privileges of each other. They then formed the design of building a city, and erecting a high tower in the midst of it, which might be seen at a great distance, and serve as a common rallying point. It is to this motive that De Goguet, a celebrated French antiquary, attributes the rearing of that vast and famous structure, known as the Tower of Babel.

The second age of the world is reckoned from the building of the Tower of Babel by the descendants of Noah, to the foundation of Athens, by Cecrops, in the year 1556 before Christ; and during this period, many large cities were built. Early in this age Scamander founded Troy; and about the same time Nimrod laid the platform of the Assyrian kingdom, and built Ninevah, its Metropolis. According to some historians, Nimrod, the Belus of profane history and tradition, was the projector of the Tower of Babel; and the renowned city of Babylon, which he afterward founded, is said to have occupied the site of that celebrated structure.

The first temple of which we have any knowledge, was built by Ninus, the son of Belus, in honor of his father. Ninus also erected a statue to the memory of the same prince, and commanded that it should be

worshiped; and this is the first recorded instance of idolatry. The magnificence of ancient Babylon is known throughout the civilized world. Pliny describes it as being sixty miles in circumference, with walls two hundred feet high, and fifty feet thick;—which were yet standing in the time of that writer, as also the magnificent temple of Jupiter Belus. Herodotus, the father of historians, has also left a description of this wonderful city. He says that it was four hundred and eighty furlongs in circumference, full of splendid structures, and particularly celebrated for the temple of Belus—and that it had a hundred brass gates—which also shows that the fusion and mixture of metals, with considerable advancement in the arts of design, had already been obtained.

In less than two centuries after the flood, Architecture was cultivated in Chaldea, Egypt, China, and Phœnicia; and most probably in India, and Central America. Moses has embalmed the names of several cities, which Belus, or Nimrod found in Chaldea,

one of which, Resen, between Ninevah and Calah, he speaks of as a great city. The distinguished queen, Semiramis, the wife of Ninus, completed the stupendous walls of Babylon, which have been reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world; and her palace was celebrated by the old historians, for the historical, and symbolical sculptures with which the walls were covered, and also for the colossal statues of bronze and gold, of Belus, Ninus, Semiramis, her son Nimas, and the chief men of her kingdom, both officers and statesmen. She also erected a magnificent temple to Jupiter Belus, on the summit of which were placed three statues of gold, representing Jupiter, Juno, and Rhea. Accounts of many of these ancient structures have been discredited by some, on the ground of their immensity; but every great thing in those early days, was made colossal. While the pyramids, and the Chinese Wall, are yet standing, they furnish collateral testimony that works equally grand in their extent, may also have been achieved.

SKETCHES OF LIFE AND SCENERY.

BY REV. RALPH HOYT.

THESE beautiful poems, in the hands of G. P. Putnam, of New York and London, are now being brought out in a new and tasteful style. They are arranged in an elegant little casket, worthy of the gems it contains, and forming, in itself, an exquisite ornament for the parlor table. So much for the outside; but to speak of the intrinsic light and beauty is not so easy a task; for any expression of ordinary praise, would seem to involve an effort like that deprecated by the sweet Bard of Avon—

“To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To add a perfume to the violet.”

As a poet, Mr. Hoyt combines many rare excellences, among which are great delicacy of perception and thought, sweetness of versification, originality of conception, and graphic delineation. Every poem is a picture; and in almost every one we find some

quaintness of diction, which stamps it with the features of a portrait. He, like Burns, is a true poet of Nature; therefore he will be appreciated by his cotemporaries; and in this he is singularly fortunate; for perhaps no poet who has written so little, has attained so great popularity. His utterances address themselves to the feelings and emotions of our universal nature; and they come home to the common heart of humanity, naturally as sunbeams—gratefully as dew to flowers, or rain to the sere grass. In every piece we find so many instances of these varied powers, that it is really difficult to select specimens. The following is from the poem called “Snow.”

The jocund fields would masquerade,
Fantastic scene!
Tree, shrub, and lawn, and lonely glade,
Have cast their green,
And joined the revel, all arrayed
So white and clean.

E'en the old posts that hold the bars,
 And the old gate,
 Forgetful of their wintry wars
 And age sedate,
 High capped, and plumed, like white hussars,
 Stand there in state.

The drifts are hanging by the sill,
 The eaves, the door ;
 The hay-stack has become a hill—
 All covered o'er
 The wagon, loaded for the mill
 The eve before.

Maria brings the water pail ;
 But where's the Well !
 Like magic of a fairy tale,
 Most strange to tell !
 All vanished—curb, and crank, and rail !
 How deep it fell !

The wood-pile, too is playing hide ;
 The axe, the log,
 The kennel of that friend so tried,
 The old watch-dog,
 The grindstone standing by its side.
 All now *incog*.

The bustling cock looks out aghast
 From his high shed ;
 No spot to scratch him a repast !
 Up curves his head,
 Starts the dull hamlet with a blast,
 And back to bed.

Old drowsy Dobbin at the call,
 Amazed, awakes ;
 Out from the window of his stall
 A view he takes,
 While thick and faster seem to fall
 The silent flakes.

The barn-yard gentry, musing, chime
 Their morning moan ;

Like Memnon's music of old time,
 So marbled they—and so sublime
 Their solemn tone.

But these verses from "Blacksmith's
 Night" are in the philosophy of a deeper and
 loftier strain.

For man is regal when his strength is tried ;
 When spirit wills, all matter must obey ;
 Sweeps the resistless mandate, like a tide,
 Away, away ;
 Till earth and heaven feel the potent sway !

Now, as the rayless gloom aside I fling,
 Thy realm of action, spreading on the view,
 Calls to the sooty Black-smith—be a king !
 Thy reign renew ;
 Grasping thy mace again, arise, and do !

And as the massive hammer thunders down,
 Shaping the stubborn iron to the plan,
 Know that each stroke adds luster to thy crown,
 And yon wide span
 Of gazing planets shout—behold a MAN !

Is not this beautiful with the great spirit
 of Humanity, which, in every true soul, is
 now asserting its preëminence over the ma-
 terial? If one wants a volume to fill a cer-
 tain niche, and produce a given effect, as
 matter of show, in a library, he may find any
 amount of dulness to garnish with gilt and
 morocco, in fancy style, to suit his fancy ;
 but whoever is seeking a book to read—and
 read ever with a growing love—not only of
 the author, but of all the Beautiful, and all
 the True, cannot do better than possess him-
 self of these poems of Ralph Hoyt.

F. H. G.

THE MANIAC, AND OTHER POEMS.

BY GEORGE SHEPARD BURLEIGH.

AFTER reading such a poem as "THE MANIAC," one is not in the mood of talking. The feeling that is excited is too deep, too powerful, too grand, solemn, and tragic, for expression in words. It affects us like a statue of Michael Angelo, or the music of Heydin. We stand before it, as before Niagara, dumb from the very intensity of feeling. We are led out into the infinite of the human soul ; and at times become almost overwhelmed in the depths of thought and feeling, surging in and around us—uttering themselves, like the floods, and winds, of a stormy sea. To say that The Maniac is a great poem, would be to adopt a cant expression, which, from its frequent use, and misuse, has become meaningless ; and yet there are no other words to express our idea of this ; for in its whole conception, spirit, and execution, it is most truly great. Not often, indeed, do we chronicle the advent of such ; and that one such has appeared, is sufficient to redeem the age from its character, of cold, matter-of-fact materialism.

The story is a very common and simple one. A poor youth, of fine genius, but want-

ing that discipline which would have made his sacred gift the joy and glory of his life, instead of a fount of bitterness, is the hero. In the first free development of his affections, he grew into a kindly love of Nature, and every thing around him.

Brooks were not simple brooks, but liquid thoughts, Uttered in ripples on the pebbled shore, Which filled his soul with their soft melody ; And sisterly, sweet flowers, with honey lips Were dear companions, whispering blessed things, Fraught with the kind humanities of love. But the heart that was given so exclusively to Nature, meeting only with neglect and repulsion from his own kind, armed itself with scorn, while the nobler and more fervid and generous love of humanity, which, could it have been developed, would have bloomed so luxuriantly, and borne such goodly fruit, became a gangrene of the soul, corroding all his higher and purer life.— Horror stricken at the wickedness and falsehood he sees around him, he asks,

Why thus

Runs Anarch Misrule its perpetual round,
If Order fills the throne ; why Discord howl,
If the Great Law be jarless Harmony ?
Alas ! in him that dread, eternal Why
Unanswered rang ; and he became its prey.

And so he avenges himself by doubting all things. He is won from his scepticism by his love of an obscure, but lovely being, whom he worships, at a distance ; but who, through her own truth and beauty, won him back to faith and joy.

Donald forgot his darkness in her light ;
His Winter smiled, and blossomed, in her Spring.

* * * * *

E'en as the unconscious wind, whose breathing wakes

Æolian murmurs from its trembling harp,
She moved, the soul of melody in him ;
And never knew the wealth of life she gave.
He told her not ; she could not need his love,
And he was blest too deeply to profane,
With beggar'd words, his great and silent awe.

What painting is here ; gorgeous, yet true,
shadowy, yet real ;

One day young Lillian wandered to the hills
That girt with green the valley of her home ;
Her pure soul full of beauty and of prayer,
There, from the din of busy life retired,
To pierce through Being's garment of unrest
To the calm beating of its Sabbath Heart.

Sunset and Autumn filled the sky and earth
With rival splendors, as if all the Day's
And the Year's gorgeousness, were harvested
And garnered in the west. The dying leaves
Wore the rich blushes of their infant Spring,
Like childhood's memories in the old man's soul.
All glories mingled in the exodus
Of Day and Autumn, splendors from the deep
Shot through the trembling curtain, as they passed
Into the mighty Death-realm.

Again, in this passage we have the great event on which the story turns.

The world itself expired when Lillian died,
And there were left but death, and deadly things,
And many legions of unquiet ghosts,
Troubling the lampless charnel ; so he went
A hopeless wanderer to the gloomy woods,
To be alone with his great solitude.

The want of balance in his mind is now more obvious. He becomes a maniac. If any one can point out a passage of greater length, and equal power, in the writings of any poet, he must be more fortunate than I have ever been. The climax of madness is thus described.

The great voice of the ever sounding deep
Rang like the death dirge of the Universe.
Away, away from that eternal dirge
He'd fled, and ever as he fled it rang
Through his void heart, "*The universe is dead !*"
He plunged into the water, but the waves
Cried "*dead,*" and flung him back. In the blank
air

Low voices whispered hoarsely, "*dead, dead, dead !*"

He climbed a tall rock which hung o'er the sea,
To whose peaked height no wave could hurl him
back ;

Far down below went moaning the wild dirge,
And forms were on the billows beckoning him.
But ha ! was that a spectre, too, who sank
In the bare rock close down by where he stood ?
He recked not, for that instant a quick flash
Shot through his brain, and over all the world,
And struck the universe and all things dead ;
Only he seemed to live. He saw the sun
Rot out of the pale sky, and grain by grain
Drop down into the void abyss below ;
The moon waned ray by ray, till all was gone ;
The stars ran lawless in the lawless heavens,
And smote each other, orb on orb fierce-hurled
With mutual ruin, till the stars were lost,
And left the heavens a universal blank.
The earth decayed and crumbled into nought,
And inch by inch the ruin crept upon
The cliff whereon he stood. Died heat and cold ;
Darkness and light ; and the invisible air,

Save where he hung, vanished and was not.
 Little by little crumbled down the cliff,
 And like a sand-hill sank beneath his feet.
 He watched the dwindling atoms as they fell,
 Till they were lost in utter nothingness.
 Stooping to pry into that nether Blank,
 A fragment of the chalky rock went down,
 Leaving weak foothold on the lessened peak ;
 He followed with keen glance the falling mass,
 Yet clinging with strange terror to the firm,
 And, as the last point vanished on its track,
 As melting, fading it went whirling on—
 Dim rising like a vapor, from the deep,
 He saw—ah yes ! it was his Lillian ;
 Distinct one moment, and her pale form grew
 Fainter and fainter in the hollow deep ;
 An infinite sadness shone in her white face,
 And seemed it tears were in her melting eyes.
 " Stay ! Stay !" shrieked Donald, " Lillian ! Lil-
 lian !

What means this ruin ? stay, my love ! O stay,
 And I will come to thee !" Came faintly back
 A musical voice, as vanished the last glimpse
 Of her fair form, " THE UNIVERSE IS DEAD !"
 Off from the rock, that shivered at his leap,
 He plunged into the void and utter Blank,
 Whirling in breathless horror, down, down, down,
 Ten thousand thousand fathoms hurled below ;
 Right on, and on, and on, with nought of life,
 Fluid or solid round, whereby to count
 The long dark ages of his awful flight.
 Swifter and swifter down with lightning speed
 Through infinite blankness, dumb and terrible,
 He whirled away whole Eons, Cycles vast,
 By fire-leaps numbered of his burning heart,
 Whose molten lead drove down with gathering
 force
 His whirling form, sheer through the immense pro-
 found ;
 Deep below deep, abyss beneath abyss,
 Boundless on boundless stretching ; down and
 down
 With swift redoubling speed, beyond the flight
 Of never-flagging and all-piercing thought ;
 Falling and falling, and each nether deep
 The height from which to plunge into the void,
 Ten thousand times his utmost reach, below,
 Into the soundless, everlasting Down !
 Of infinite being, only he was left,
 A flying atom in a boundless blank ;
 And this his wild down rushing, the one force
 Left of the countless potencies. " O now
 For one firm rock whereon to dash this clay
 Into impalpable atoms ? But, alas !
 The very rocks have perished. O my God !
 Is this wild fall forever ? with no end,
 No end, but just beginning when the last

Far stretch of Thought has spanned innumerable
 years ?

But oh, no hope ? for God himself is dead !
 Chaos is dead, and I am all that is."

At length he is conveyed to the common
 poor house of a country town, and there
 left to gnaw his own life out, with the cruel
 fangs of his incurable anguish. But he is
 found, and rescued from his prison, by a be-
 nevolent woman. I could wish to give all
 this passage. It is so intensely graphic and
 beautiful. But I must forbear. He is won
 back into a childlike peace and love. And
 at length, the tie which had endured so much
 of agony, was gently broken—

He whispered, " Lillian !" and passed away,
 Still as a falling leaf, when not a breeze
 Disturbs the splendor of the Autumn wood.

The poem next in length is " The Little
 Botanist". This is in a wholly different vein ;
 and to say the least, it deserves a place be-
 side the happiest efforts of the kind in
 Wordsworth. The minor poems evince
 great variety and richness of conception, as
 well as a singular terseness of thought, and
 felicity of expression. How much I wish I
 could indulge in monopolizing the playful
jet of fancy styled " The Little Workers." but to take all that would please, would be
 transcribing the volume. As to faults, let
 those seek them who can appreciate nothing
 better. They may find an occasional vague-
 ness, and a seeming strain after effect.—
 I have sometimes thought so, myself, espe-
 cially of " Man and the Years ;" but a se-
 cond reading has generally transferred the
 verdict from my own acuteness, to renewed
 favor of the Bard.

Though George Burleigh has been as lit-
 tle indebted to extrinsic circumstances as
 almost any person—if we set aside the ad-
 vantage of having been born one of a con-
 stellation of geniuses ; yet it would not do
 to call him a *self-made* man. Nature made
 him. No inferior power set in his bosom
 the heart of truth—and poured into his
 breast the soul of fire. He is one of the very
 few who CAN be no other than they *are*.

F. H. G.

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